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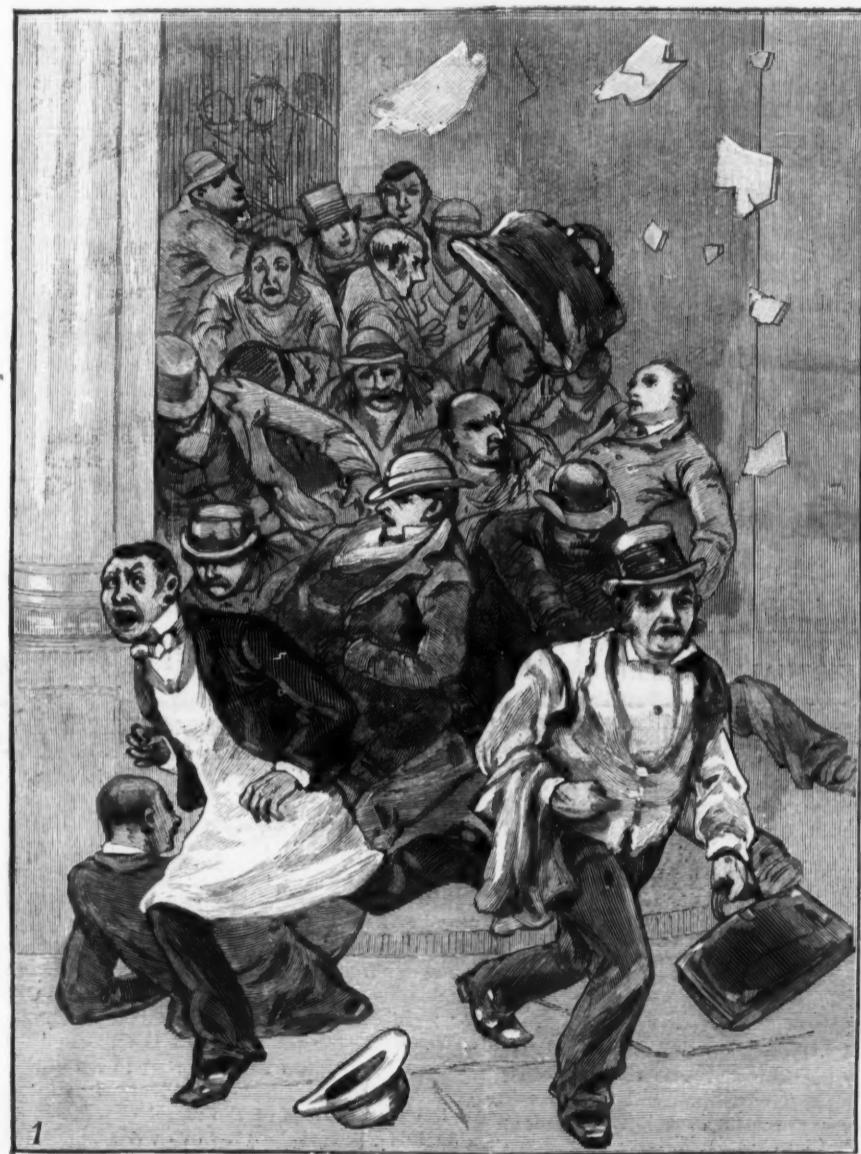
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

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13 WEEKS, \$1.00.



1. SCENE ON THE STAIRWAY OF THE CHARLESTON HOTEL DURING A SHOCK. 2. TAKING DOWN ST. PHILIP'S STEEPLE. 3. SCENE ON MARION SQUARE,  
OPPOSITE THE CITADEL — A CITY OF TENTS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES AT CHARLESTON—TYPICAL SCENES OF THE CALAMITY.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 71.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

A NEW SERIAL.

IS NO. 1,618 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we shall commence the publication of a striking original story entitled,

THE KENTS:

THEIR FOLLIES AND THEIR FORTUNES.

By Col. HENRY T. STANTON, widely known as a writer of marked ability and power.

This last story from his pen is characterized by great strength and originality of plot, while the characters possess an individuality which holds the close attention of the reader from the outset. "THE KENTS" will rank as one of the best of the many excellent serials produced in these columns. Persons desiring to enjoy the story as it appears should send in their subscriptions at once. Address,

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, PUBLISHER,

53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

END OF THE APACHE WAR.

THE story of the recent troubles with the hostile Apaches embodies several morals which should be heeded in our future dealings with the Indians. Thirteen years ago General Crook left the Department of Arizona with all the Apaches reduced to a state of peace. He returned several years later to find them uneasy, dissatisfied and more or less openly hostile. He was hampered by the interference of Indian agents and other civil officers, which caused a division of authority impossible for the Indians to understand. From this came the outbreak of 1883, followed by General Crook's gallant raid down the Sierra Madre, and the return of the hostile Apaches to the reservation. Thus there was obtained for the Southwest the first year of peace known since 1873. But a year and a half ago there was more interference by officials appointed by the Interior Department. The Indians became alarmed. Some of them obtained liquor, either tizwin made by themselves, or whisky from some of the white men who prey upon the reservations, and there was an outbreak. For nearly a year General Crook maintained a campaign whose difficulties have never been understood, and, in addition, had to bear the attacks and misrepresentations of the people of the Southwest. Yet his final campaign was by no means a failure. It closed with the capture and consignment to a Florida military prison of seventy-seven Apaches, including the famous Chiefs Nana and Chihuahua. The Chiefs Geronimo and Mangus, with some thirty bucks, squaws and children, escaped, but these, too, have now been captured by General Miles, and the war, which has involved an expenditure of millions of dollars and serious loss of life, is happily at an end.

One obvious lesson from recent and all past experience in connection with this Indian question is, that the system of dual control must be abolished. The reservation Indians being regarded as fair game by lawless characters, military interposition is often needed for their protection. But this raises the jealousy of Indian agents, storekeepers, and other civil employés, and, as a result, there are upon the reservations bickerings which infect the Indians with a feeling of unrest. The proper way, so long as the reservation system is maintained, would seem to be for the War Department to have absolute control wherever the presence of the military is called for. There have been plenty of dishonest and cowardly Indian agents, but a dishonest or cowardly army officer is very rare. Where the military are not needed, there the civil authority should be absolute, brooking no interference.

Again, the reservation system itself is unfortunate. General Crook sought earnestly to substitute a better method. He was teaching the Apaches a new self-respect by allowing them to maintain order themselves by means of their own police, and to administer justice. He long urged, ineffectually, the apportionment of land in severalty. The Apaches are probably the worst Indians on the continent, yet under his direction they raised astonishing quantities of cereals and vegetables. To encourage them, there was need of tools, seed, and a small mill; but, although General Crook urged the necessity upon the Government, these things were not provided, and the Indians became discontented. Yet these measures were all in the direction of making Indians self-respecting, self-supporting citizens, instead of squalid beggars corralled upon a reservation. Looking back over the last four years in the difficult Department of Arizona, it is a surprise that so much was accomplished considering the imperfect support given the officers in command. If we would avoid further outbreaks, we must keep our promises with the Indians, protect them against wrong and injustice, and lodge the control of the whole Indian question in some one specific Department competent to deal with it honestly and efficiently.

THE NEXT ACT OF THE DRAMA.

THERE are two views of Prince Alexander's sudden abdication after his return to Bulgaria and his enthusiastic welcome by the people of that Principality.

The first is that the Czar's menace, conveyed with such brutal directness in the reply to the Prince's conciliatory overture, left to the latter no hope of withstanding the steady aggression of the Northern Empire, and he sacrificed his personal interests to avert an overwhelming misfortune to his people. That Alexander was frightened away by the growl of the Bear, nobody who has watched his career will believe. The second explanation is that Alexander expects to be re-elected by the National Assembly; in other words, that in order to strengthen his position in Bulgaria and to gain moral support in Europe he has resigned and appealed to the country.

The action in this drama is very rapid. The real interest, however, is behind the scenes. The personal fortunes of the Prince, except as they form a romantic and exciting story, are of little consequence in the tremendous struggle for the possession of the Balkan Peninsula. Turkey has not moved out upon the open stage; and yet all of her possessions north of the Bosphorus are at stake. Austria has not allowed her voice to be heard; yet her interest in the outcome of the Bulgarian complication is that of a principal, not of a spectator. England has shown no signs of activity. Alexander's sovereignty was the creation of her diplomacy, and the permanence of the Bulgarian establishment has been regarded as of vital importance to British interests; yet we now find the chief organ of the Salisbury Ministry pointing out, with almost juvenile exultation, the trouble that is brewing for Austria. More important than all, the policy of Prince Bismarck, whom circumstances have made the supreme arbiter of European politics and geography, is still a mystery to those who sit before the footlights.

That is why the situation in the East is not greatly changed by the abdication and departure of Prince Alexander. Russia has gained one point in the game; but it was not merely to effect the downfall of Alexander that she has been massing troops in the South, strengthening the fortifications of Batoum and Sebastopol, and building up within the past thirty months a fleet that will put her far forward in the list of naval powers. She is now again on the highroad to Constantinople; and if, as appears probable, she has Bismarck's secret permission to proceed, it makes little difference whether, in crossing Bulgaria, she passes over the dead body of Alexander, or tramples upon a Regency established in his stead, or is ushered through by a pro-Russian successor of the Prince who left Sofia last Wednesday, saying: "Good-by, my brethren. *Au revoir*, in happier times."

PARNELL VIRTUALLY PREMIER.

MR. GLADSTONE said, in his pamphlet on "The Irish Question," that "even amidst the shouts of victory, the Tory adversaries of Ireland have had a severe, perhaps an irreparable, loss—they have lost the courage of their opinions"; and again, that "without reckoning on any sort of Tory help, we seem to have in this anti-Home Rule Parliament a real majority ready to act in the direction, at least, of Irish wishes, and to run the risk of seeing the grant of a portion used as a lever to obtain the residue." Mr. Gladstone can scarcely have reached the mountain retreat in Bavaria in which he spends his brief vacation before both these predictions are more than fulfilled. Not only do his Tory adversaries exhibit signals of distress when called upon to adhere to a policy of any kind, even of silence, relative to Ireland, but the statesman on whom the Tory cause chiefly relied for dash and effrontery, and who was to succeed Beaconsfield in these important parliamentary gifts, Lord Randolph Churchill, is already giving Mr. Parnell just that kind of "Tory help" on which Gladstone, with all his hopefulness, declined to reckon.

Lord Randolph Churchill opened the session by announcing that the Government would oppose the consideration of any legislative business not connected with the estimates. Finding that the voting upon these is likely to be deferred for weeks unless something satisfactory can be done for the Irish tenantry in the direction of preventing evictions for non-payment of the present rates of rent during the Winter, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has "climbed down" from his high position that the Government is the only thing to be cared for, and names a day whereon Mr. Parnell will be permitted to bring in a new Irish Land Bill drawn by himself. The three points of Mr. Parnell's proposed Bill are understood to be: To permit those holding under written leases, as well as customary tenants, to have their rent abated judicially under the Act of 1881; a further abatement of rents heretofore fixed by the Land Commissioners to adapt them to the low prices of agricultural products; and a provision suspending evictions for proper cause where the tenants agree to pay three-fourths of existing rents.

As it is the business of the Government, and not of the Opposition, to initiate legislation, and as Mr. Parnell's measure is certain to be the pivotal business of the session, on which everything else will turn, the course of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in deferring to the great Irish leader to this extent falls but little short of delegating to Parnell the chief responsibility of the Cabinet, *viz.*, that of acting as "Steering Committee to the House of Commons." Whoever has the initiative in legislation, and is officially called upon to frame and introduce the measures to which the House is to give its attention, wields for the time the highest

ministerial prerogative. Mr. Parnell has been called the "Uncrowned King" of Ireland, but this new concession goes far towards making him, for the time being, the Premier, without a portfolio, of England.

If his Bill shall be considered and passed, as a condition of voting the estimates, the spectacle will for the first time be presented of a Tory Government retaining the power to defeat Home Rule measures, by consenting to their introduction and passage. Even Home Rule itself could be adopted under a Tory Administration by resorting to a parliamentary practice so flexible as this. In any event, the concession to Mr. Parnell is a prophecy of the final success of the Home Rule principle.

With Gladstone's predictions thus rapidly fulfilling, none should fail to note that in his pamphlet he makes the following further prediction, in which he not improbably outlines the question which he expects to follow Home Rule. He says: "The desire for Federation, floating in the minds of many, has had an unexpected ally in the Irish policy of 1886; and if the thing which that term implies contains within itself possibilities of practical good, the chance of bringing such possibilities to bear fruit has thus been unexpectedly and largely improved." In these words the advocates of the inchoate schemes for the Federation of the British Empire will see, furtively disclosed, a tentative policy of help from Gladstone, if they will first help themselves, very like the similar hints of future aid which he threw out in 1871 and 1874 to Isaac Butt and other leaders of the Irish movement.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

EACH recurring annual opening of our public schools recalls attention to the progress and improvement in the various methods and motives which serve to constitute education. The improvement to be made at present lies in placing emphasis upon two or three subjects which have in the past suffered neglect.

One of these subjects is industrial training. Of this we have repeatedly spoken. American educators and the American public are, by slow degrees, making progress in introducing the discipline of the hand and of the eye into the course of study. In this movement several principles are now settled. It is settled, as Dr. Magoon, formerly President of Iowa College, has declared, that the new artisan and artistic vocations require training as well as the literary and professional. It is also settled that there must be different training for different kinds of work. It is settled, furthermore, that, as a master of manual education has said, "we must put the whole boy at school." Manual training is not designed to make carpenters, or type-setters, or machinists; but it is designed to discipline those powers of the body which are specially needed in all mechanical callings. Its purpose is to broaden, not to narrow; to give a broad foundation for a special education in that calling to which the man may devote himself. This movement, so general and so strong, receives the hearty commendation of the public; and it should cause our schools to equip their pupils more thoroughly for the work which lies before them.

The subject of moral training, also, deserves a more prominent place than is usually accorded to it. In the right desire to eliminate denominational and sectarian influences from the school, we have nearly succeeded in eliminating not a few of the strongest forces which make for righteousness. The Catholic has a basis for his charge that "the public school is Godless." The Bible is excluded, because it is difficult to agree as to which version of the Scriptures should be read. The importance of the development of the moral character of the individual is acknowledged by every one who has a regard for the cardinal virtues. It would seem that the methods for influencing the growth of such a character are not difficult or recondite. Teachers themselves should be worthy examples to their scholars in truth, honesty, justice, temperance and bravery. It would seem an easy task to impress young minds, by story and anecdote, with the value of these virtues. There are difficult problems in ethics as well as in theology; but it would not appear presuming to demand that the pupils of the public schools of a Christian republic should be taught that there is a God, that He is a Person, that His government is just, and that to Him we are accountable; and it might be argued that these pupils should be taught to love the pure, the good, the right, and to hate the impure, the evil and the wrong. The schools should, by ways direct and indirect, foster the growth of a strong and vigorous moral character. The instruction in the effect of alcoholic stimulants, now required in the schools of a score of States, is an important element in this movement.

Furthermore, the public schools should give greater attention to the English language. The ability to write and to speak this tongue with accuracy and ease is itself a liberal education. To give such an education, the schools can and ought to do much more than they are now achieving. Through the use of the best literature, through more constant and more painstaking writing, as well as by means of the grammar and similar linguistic helps, much can be done in the winning of this noble aim.

THE "MAYFLOWER" AND THE "GALATEA."

BILLIANT as was the *Puritan's* achievement last Fall, it is in at least one notable respect surpassed by that of the *Mayflower* last week. These two extraordinary sloops, which in two successive seasons have had the honor of defending our title to the

cup won across the water by the *America* thirty-five years ago, both represent a distinctively American idea in marine architecture. They are both the product of the highest skill of the Yankee in construction. They were both sailed with consummate tact. Each of them was built to meet a special emergency, and each proved more than equal to the occasion. Yet the *Mayflower's* achievement is the more satisfactory, for it has finally determined one point which the international races of 1885 left unsettled.

With comparatively few exceptions, our yachtsmen have believed that the American type of sloop, derided as it is by eminent nautical authorities on the other side of the ocean as a racing machine and a mere pleasure-boat, is nevertheless superior to the English cutter in all sorts of weather and all sorts of seas. The *Puritan's* two victories over the *Genesta* confirmed this opinion, but the conditions under which those races were sailed, and the *Genesta's* performances later in the season, left some consolation for the cutter partisans in the claim that the result would have been different if accident had not favored the American sloop with weather peculiarly suited to her qualities. The English newspapers, the sporting papers in particular, have continued to discuss American yachting as if it were pursuit scarcely worthy to rank with the manly sports—a perpetual gliding over Summer seas under a blue sky, with scarcely more of the elements of danger and adventure than belongs to gondola navigation in the Central Park Lake.

We are confident that Lieutenant Henn, the gallant captain of the *Galatea*, will carry back a different report. It happened that while the first race was sailed in *Mayflower* weather—that is to say, in bright sunshine and in gently dancing water, in the presence of fifty thousand spectators and a fleet of pleasure-craft such as was never before seen on the bosom of the deep—fortune provided for the second trial a day which was everything that the most exacting cutter could desire, barring the fog that spoiled the finish and made a third trial necessary. A strong easterly wind, blowing twenty miles an hour at times, a churning, nasty sea that the Channel itself might claim as its own, a drizzling mist with spurts of driving rain imported expressly for the occasion from the south coast of Ireland—these were the conditions under which the sloop outsped and outpointed the cutter, proving her superiority in every respect. Even in view of our friendly enemy's defeat, it will perhaps not be deemed discourteous if the English journals are reminded that the *Galatea* had her own sort of weather on Thursday, and was squarely beaten.

Still more conclusive would be the test which the owner of the *Mayflower* has invited Lieutenant Henn to try, a race across Massachusetts Bay from Marblehead to Cape Cod in a gale of wind. This is preferable to the trial proposed by Lieutenant Henn, namely, a run to and around the Bermudas and back. Our New England coast is quite competent to supply the hardiest yachtsman with all the sea and wind he wants; and it is in those waters that the typical American sailor gets his education.

Lieutenant Henn will carry back to England what is better than the cup, the hearty good will and friendly esteem of a whole people. These contests for the *America's* trophy are doing much to fasten the bonds between the two kindred nations. It is really a matter of little consequence on which side of the Atlantic the few pounds of silver are kept. It is a matter of great consequence that the international rivalry shall continue to be marked by the same generous and brotherly spirit as has distinguished the great events of this year and last.

#### PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

THE review of the material condition of the Southern States, made by the local journals on the 1st of September, for the year just closed, is such as to warrant the most sanguine anticipations regarding the future development and prosperity of that section of the country. Great, however, as is the progress displayed in 1886, it is in no wise exceptional, the exhibit being merely one in a series of progressive developments which became specially noticeable in 1876, when the South first gave real evidence of its recovery from the devastation and depression of a long war, and years of mismanagement and political strife.

In 1876 the assessed value of property in the twelve Southern States per capita was \$138.20; in 1880, \$160.60; while in 1886 it is \$193.35. In 1879 the total assessed valuation of these States was \$2,184,208,505; for this year it is \$3,117,312,602, or an increase of 42.7 per cent. That a corresponding increase in their manufacturing interests has also taken place is evident from the following figures: The number of manufacturing establishments in the South in 1870 was 31,524, with a capital of \$158,132,133, the hands employed being 156,908, and the product \$236,452,444. For this year the number of establishments reported is 52,986, the capital invested, \$375,764,000, the hands employed, 338,420, and the product, \$532,630,000. These statistics show the remarkable increase of 68 per cent. in the number of manufacturing establishments, 137 per cent. in the invested capital, 116 in the number of men employed, and 125 per cent. in the products.

The great trade centres in the South, New Orleans, Charleston, Mobile, Galveston, and others, make a showing commensurate with the increase throughout the South at large. In New Orleans trade has been specially brisk this year, as the city handled 247,376 more bales of cotton than a year ago, and prepared nineteen per cent. of the entire cotton crop for the market. The great needs of the cities of Mobile and Charleston so as to still further enhance their values as trade centres is the improvement of their harbors. This work is rendered still more necessary in the case of Mobile, which expects shortly to have a line of steamers running between that port and Liverpool. With the vast territory in Texas and elsewhere unclaimed, and undeveloped resources absolutely exhausted, the era of prosperity that has been entered upon in the South promises to attain in the near future a magnitude that the most sanguine have never anticipated.

#### CONCERNING EARTHQUAKES.

WHILE the losses from the destruction of property at Charleston are relatively large, the loss of life, fortunately, is relatively small, if we take into comparison the mortality caused by other great earthquakes of the world. An earthquake which visited the ancient City of Antioch, Syria, in A. D. 526, caused the death of 250,000 human beings. This is the most fearful and destructive earthquake of which we have any authentic record. Sixty-one years later the same city lost 30,000 inhabitants from a similar cause. In 1783 the great earthquake in Calabria occurred, during which 100,000 people perished. Calabria, it will be remembered, is the southeastern province of Italy, lying from fifty to one hundred miles north of Mount Etna. The earthquake at Lisbon, so familiar to all, occurred November 1st, 1755. Through a tidal wave, sixty feet high, and the sudden sinking of a part of the city into the sea, it is estimated that 60,000 men, women and children perished in six minutes. A considerable portion of Lisbon remained permanently 600 feet under water. The earthquake which visited Judea in the

year 31 B. C. caused the loss of 10,000 lives. Still more destructive earthquakes have occurred in San Salvador—"the land that swings like a hammock"—in Quito, and in Callao, which was totally destroyed in 1746. After the usual sinking of the sea near the latter city, a tidal wave rose to the extraordinary height of ninety feet, which swept to destruction everything before it. The earthquake at Naples and vicinity in 1857, the most alarming one of recent date, led scientists to a fuller investigation of these strange phenomena than had hitherto been made. And this brings us to a brief consideration of what is known about the causes of these appalling disturbances of the orderly course of nature.

Reasoning from the known to the unknown, earthquakes, it would seem, can be traced to the same general causes that produce volcanoes. The liquid or molten condition of the interior of the earth, pervaded as it must be with gases and hot vapors generated by the heat, is in a state of constant chemical change and unending agitation. Probably the most disturbing change going on under our planet's crust is this natural generation of gaseous matter.

The Titanic power of steam or vapor if compressed, when eliminated in enormous quantities, need not be enlarged upon. It is enough to know that it must find some escape, and this escape would seem to be afforded through the craters of volcanoes, through other openings or fissures in the earth's crust, and through the lifting or agitation of that crust when other avenues of escape are not instantaneously presented. In support of this theory is the fact that the earthquake and volcano belt is situated nearer the Equator than the Poles, and covers that part of the planet where science claims that its crust is thinnest. While a few volcanoes, like Hecla, Iceland, are found near the Equator or the Poles, the vast majority are situated in the Temperate Zones. Of the seven thousand earthquakes that have been recorded since 1,606 B. C., more than seven-tenths of them have occurred in north or south latitudes, not greatly distant from the latitudes of Antioch, Calabria, Lisbon, Smyrna and Charleston. Vesuvius and Mount Etna are both within this fatal belt.

It is also a fact well-known to science that the temperature of the crust of the earth increases in an unvarying ratio as we approach towards the earth's centre. What the degree of heat is at the depth of six miles, or at the depth of thirty miles, can be calculated, therefore, with about as much accuracy as the earth's temperature at the depth of 600 feet. A necessary deduction from this uniform increase of heat as we penetrate towards the planet's interior is, that a degree of heat must exist in the interior that would dissolve and fuse all known substances and produce the molten lava, fiery vapors, ashes and other substances that volcanoes, hot springs, and even fissures caused by earthquakes, have cast forth. The rumbling sounds and the sulphurous smells are the same in connection with both earthquakes and volcanoes, which suggest a common origin for these phenomena.

A CHARLESTON dispatch says that of the two "meanest men" who have come to light in connection with the recent calamity, one has raised his rents twenty-five per cent., and another "docked" the wages of his clerks because they did not show up on the morning after the great shake. This last reminds us of Mark Twain's story of the mean quarryman, one of whose employees was blown up by the premature discharge of a "blast." The fellow, after soaring some hundreds of feet, came down again, and dropping his drill in the hole whence it was blown, went right on with his work; but the "boss" fined him for the time he was absent!

It is understood that the Order of the Knights of Labor will be practically reorganized at the coming National Convention, the present system not having proved altogether acceptable. The design now is to abandon the district plan and model the Order after the Governmental system of the Union, with State organizations and a Supreme National Assembly—the former having control of the territory under their jurisdiction, but with the acts of their officers subject to revision by the General Master Workman. Under this plan, Mr. Powderly will retain supreme control, while gaining relief from the routine work that now devolves upon him. Whether the changes will avert the perils consequent upon its rapid growth, which now menace the Order in some localities, is yet to be seen.

A FORTNIGHT has elapsed since the earthquake transformed Charleston, at a stroke, from a prosperous city into a scene of ruin and desolation. Already the calamity is a thing of the past, and the skies of the future brighten with hope. Far from being demoralized and discouraged, the people are devoting all their energies to re-establishing their homes and business. Their cheerful courage is as admirable as is the promptness of their fellow-countrymen, North and South, in lending a hand in this time of need. These two characteristic qualities of the American people mutually strengthen one another, forming a kind of insurance which is invested in warm hearts, if not in money capital. It well becomes the prosperous Empire City that so large a proportion of the help forwarded to the South Carolina city has been in her name. May this assistance continue, and help to make a certainty of the proposed "Rebuilding Loan" of \$5,000,000 which is asked for to restore the homes of the "business force" of Charleston.

THE result of the State election in Vermont, last week, scarcely confirms the boastful prophecies of the Democratic organs that the Republican majority in the State would be greatly reduced, and that the next Legislature would contain a larger number of Democrats than ever before. On the contrary, the Republicans carry every county in the State with one exception, electing 29 Senators out of 30, a gain of two over 1884; while of 240 members of the Lower House of the Legislature, they secure all but 30. So far as appears at this writing, only one Prohibition candidate was elected. The Republican majority on Governor is between 19,000 and 20,000. A very large majority of the Republican members of the Legislature favor the re-election of Senator Edmunds, who will also have the support of three Democrats. It is quite evident that the possession of the Federal patronage has not, in that State, at least, proved of any benefit to the party which has so persistently declared it to be a deciding factor in all popular elections.

THIS is the third year in succession that cholera has scourged Southern Europe. Its appearance there for three consecutive Summers is unprecedented, the former visitation in any one country having been limited to two years. Although this year the disease seems to be diminished in virulence, and the distressing and sorrowful scenes of last year and two years ago have not been repeated, the fact that the dreaded plague is still present is sufficient to paralyze business and to keep entire populations in constant fear. Spain, Italy and the South of France have suffered equally, but, while in Spain its force spent itself in one year, and in France it appeared in two years, in Italy it has been prevalent for three years. The route traveled by the pestilential visitor during the three years has been such that, except in one large city, Mar-

seilles, it has not appeared twice in the same place. The cities on the western coast of the Italian Peninsula suffered the first year, while the second year the City of Palermo, in Sicily, and a few internal provinces on the peninsula, were visited. This year the eastern slope of the peninsula has been invaded, and the places which had suffered the two previous years have remained untouched. There are few places in Italy that have not suffered by the presence of this dreaded scourge during the period named.

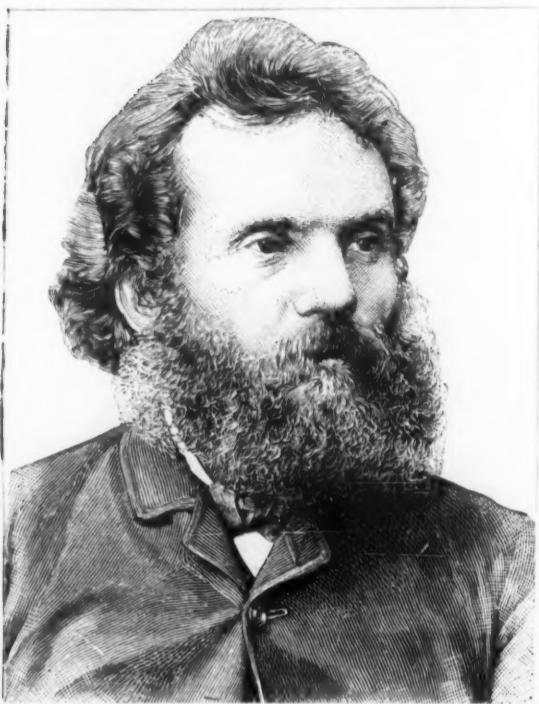
WHEN a mob of foreign Anarchists some months ago undertook to "run" Milwaukee, they found themselves suddenly brought up "all standing" by the strong hand of Governor Rusk, while in Chicago and East St. Louis Governor Oglesby was paltering with riotous strikers and figuring for votes, until bloodshed and rapine, the natural outcome of his time-serving course, compelled the adoption of defensive measures. The rioters of Milwaukee, by the action of Governor Rusk, were confronted by loaded rifles. When they undertook to destroy life and property, these rifles taught them the power of offended law. The Polish leader who complained to the Governor that the militia were firing upon his people was told to go back and say to them that order would be preserved in Milwaukee if all the able-bodied men in the State had to be drafted for military duty. And when the same man showed a disposition to encourage the mob, he was promptly silenced by a stern hint of arrest. This brave, fearless conduct of the Executive aroused the admiration of the entire country, and it is not surprising that the Republican State Convention has just unanimously nominated him for re-election to the office he so honorably filled. The only surprise is that the Democrats do not, rising superior to mere partisan considerations, abstain from all opposition and permit him to "go in" by a unanimous vote. But there can be no question that thousands not of his party faith will give him their votes. Wisconsin could suffer no deeper humiliation than would be involved in the defeat of so brave a man, and so faithful an Executive.

ADDITIONAL evidence is scarcely required to emphasize the fact of Mormon opposition to the laws of the land, or of their determination to retain and practically illustrate the pernicious dogmas which menace all the safeguards of social order. If such evidence, however, were needed, it is furnished in the recent action of the Mormons in deposing Bishop John Sharp from his office for no other reason than that he had consented to obey the laws of the country. About a year ago Bishop Sharp was arrested and tried for polygamous practices. At first he pleaded not guilty, but finally he came into court and entered the plea of guilty; stating at the same time that he did not understand that the Edmunds Law demanded of him that he should discard his wives, and promising, in closing his statement, to live in harmony with the provisions of the law, as explained by the court before which he appeared and the Supreme Court of the Territory. In view of these extenuating circumstances, the court merely imposed a fine. It was hoped at the time that the action of one so high in the councils of the Latter-day Saints would have a salutary effect, but the reverse of this was the result, as those who were subsequently convicted generally preferred to go to prison rather than consent to obey the laws of the land. Nor did the resentment of his former followers stop here. While he had been the most highly honored of the Mormon leaders, his simple submission to the law was construed as an offense impossible of forgiveness, and he was at once ostracised with every mark of hatred and contempt. The revelations in this and other cases make it still more apparent that the only cure for the Mormon distemper is in a treatment of the most drastic character.

IN the suit of the Receiver of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company against the Western Union Telegraph Company, the trial of which occupied nearly two months, the jury gave the plaintiffs a verdict for \$200,000 for the destruction of their wires and good will by Jay Gould's men under an order issued by Judge Donahue, which authorized Gould to take the property, provided it was property of the Rapid Telegraph Company, but not otherwise. Mr. Gould decided that it was all property of the Rapid, and so he rapidly took it and rapidly destroyed it. In the course of the trial the chief point effected by the counsel for Gould was to exclude from the consideration of the jury, in the present case, all damages sustained by the seizure or destruction of wires outside the State of New York. This involves, however, the right on the part of the same plaintiff to bring added suits in all other States in which their wires and other property were destroyed. But as they were destroyed in most of the Western and Eastern States, and separate suits will be, or have been, begun in each, this puts Gould in the position of the boy who went out to dig for snakes and dug up more than he could handle. He would have been better off if he had gone into court without any lawyers, or had let his case go entirely by default, as the Bankers' and Merchants' Company would have been content with a moderate judgment, and would have let him off with only one. The public have an interest in protecting any and all companies which undertake to compete in business with the Western Union or any similar monopoly, and they will be glad to see as many judgments rendered against the king monopolists for interfering by force or fraud to destroy rival companies as they can find the means to pay.

IT is only during the present month that a long outstanding account of the United States Treasury against Washington Irving has been settled. The money was forwarded by a Pennsylvania lady who claimed relationship with the dead author, who said she was sure that Mr. Irving must have been unaware of his indebtedness, adding: "And, furthermore, honored sir, I wish you to understand that Mr. Irving was a scrupulously honest man!" The amount of cash which this "scrupulously honest man" owed Uncle Sam, which his estate also left unsettled after his death, and which was forwarded by the Pennsylvania lady, was three cents. "Business is business"—and red tape is red tape; but a transaction of this sort assumes very much of the *opéra bouffe* character in the eyes of the public. In such a case, where such an utterly insignificant amount stands against the name of so great a man, and, more likely, the result of a clerical error discovered after his death, it would seem more dignified and decent, not to mention the actual saving of money in closing the account rather than carrying it on from year to year, for the Government to have charged the three cents to profit and loss. Doubtless there are also many others besides the Pennsylvania woman who would have considered it an honor to pay off a debt of Washington Irving's, many times larger than the one in question. But for those who are minded, from patriotic or other sentimental reasons, to liquidate the accounts of Uncle Sam against prominent people, there is still a chance to pay \$12,898 charged against John Adams; \$4,895 due from General Lafayette; and various sums advertised as still due from James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Beverly Johnson, John Russell Young, Bayard Taylor, Adam Badeau, William Dean Howells and James A. Bayard—all in connection with the service of these gentlemen as representatives of this Government abroad.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 70.



M. KARAVELOFF, PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.



MONSIEUR CLEMENT, METROPOLITAN OF BULGARIA.



M. ZANKOFF, CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN PARTY.

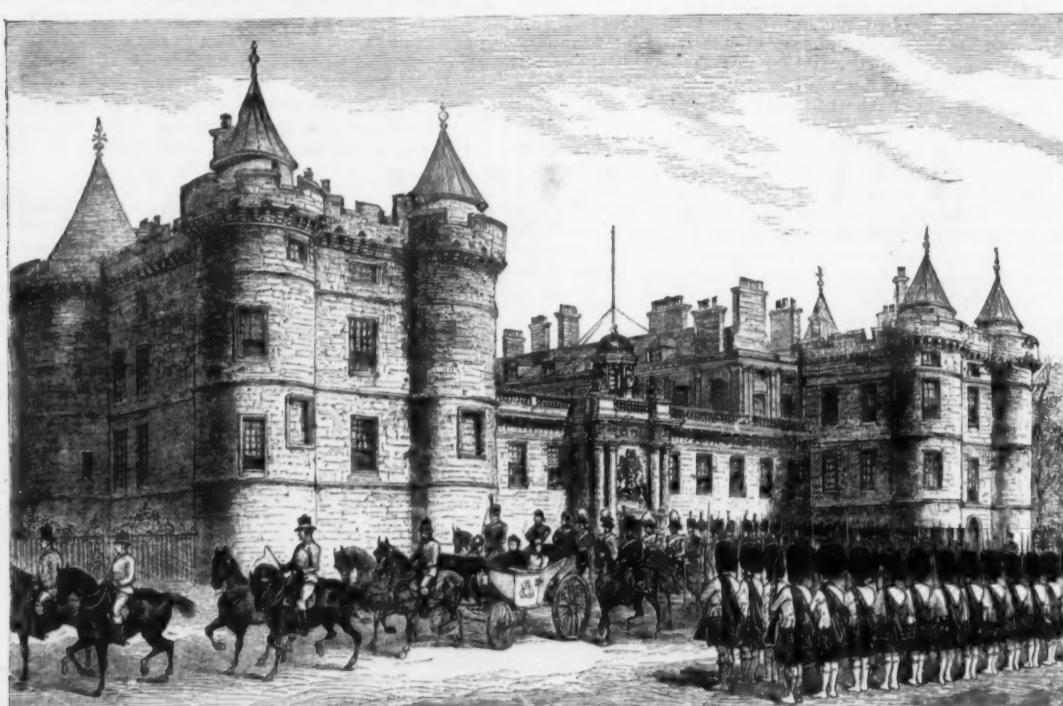
THE BULGARIAN CONSPIRACY.—PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE PROMINENT ACTORS THEREIN.



BULGARIA.—PRINCE ALEXANDER AT SOFIA, WITH MEMBERS OF HIS MILITARY STAFF.



RUSSIA.—PUBLIC SCHOOL AT BORISOGLEBSK.



SCOTLAND.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH—LEAVING HOLYROOD PALACE.



IRELAND.—THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, LORD LIEUTENANT.



LOUISIANA.—JUDGE THOMAS C. MANNING, UNITED STATES  
MINISTER TO MEXICO.  
PHOTO. BY HANDY.

JUDGE THOMAS C. MANNING,  
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO MEXICO.

SOME time in October last, when the Trustees of the Peabody Fund, at a session in New York, elected President Cleveland a member of the Board to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of General Grant, it was suggested to the President of the Board, Robert C. Winthrop, that it would be well to send the official notification of election to Mr. Cleveland through Judge Manning, of Louisiana, also a member of the Board. Mr. Winthrop, remembering the President's tendency to be influenced by "first impressions" of men, replied: "I will do so, though I fear the President will take the Judge from us for some other field."

When Judge Manning reached Washington with the official notification, he was presented to the President and members of the Cabinet. As he quit the White House, the President remarked: "That man ought to be in the public service." Subsequently, Secretary Lamarr inquired of the gentleman who had presented the visitor: "Why can't the Judge be President of the Civil Service Commission?" "He is too big a man for so small a place," was the response. The larger place has at length been found, and Mr. Winthrop's fears have been realized—the President has "taken Judge Manning away from us" (the Peabody Board), by appointing him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico.

Thomas Courtland Manning was born in Edenton, N. C., and is about fifty-five years of age. He attended the schools in his native town, and graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and practiced in Edenton for a few years. In 1855 he removed to the town of Alexandria, situated on Red River, in a rich planting region of Louisiana, and there he still resides. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, in 1861, which voted the Pelican State out of the old Union. That meaning war, he joined a military company in Rapides Parish, and was elected a lieutenant. Governor Moore had him subsequently transferred to his staff as lieutenant-colonel. He was appointed Adjutant-general of the State in 1863. In 1864, Governor Allen appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

At the close of hostilities he resumed the practice of his profession. He was tendered the Gubernatorial nomination by his party, but declined it. He was nominated a Tilden Elector in 1876, and when General Nicholls became the Governor of the State in 1877, he appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The "ring" politicians did not like Governor Nicholls's Administration, because they couldn't "use him" for their own ends. A Constitutional Convention ousted it after a two-years' term, and Louis A. Wiltz was elected Chief Executive of the State, and then

Chief Justice Manning was relegated to private life. Subsequently a vacancy occurring by the death of Judge Levy, a popular demand caused the Executive to reappoint Judge Manning to his old position as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. A year ago, his term of office expiring, Governor McEnery refused to reappoint him. He is conceded on all hands to possess peculiar qualifications for the diplomatic position to which he has just been appointed by the President, and entire confidence is felt that he will command at the Mexican capital the consideration to which he is entitled as the representative of the United States. He is a gentleman of fine presence and agreeable manners, bearing in some respects a close resemblance to the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. He will enter upon his duties at once.



CONNECTICUT.—WILLIAM H. WEBSTER, NEW CHIEF EXAMINER  
OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

PHOTO. BY HANDY.

WILLIAM H. WEBSTER,  
CHIEF EXAMINER OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE appointment by the President of Mr. Webster, heretofore a pronounced Republican, to be Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, has created a ripple of excitement and some indignant comment among prominent Democrats throughout the country. But the appointment is in every way proper and commendable. The reasons which induced it are semi-officially stated, as follows: "It was in the highest degree important to have in the position of Chief Examiner a person not only intellectually and morally competent, but one skilled in the most delicate and technical parts of the work of the Commission: to frame suitable



NEW YORK.—THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP — EXTRAORDINARY MARINE PAGEANT ON THE LOWER BAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH.  
OVER FOUR HUNDRED VESSELS FOLLOWING THE VICTORIOUS "MAYFLOWER."

SEE PAGE 71.

questions, and, especially, to correct on appeal unjust markings and gradings made by the many boards of examiners—which are the most important duties of a Chief Examiner. Colonel Webster is one of the very few persons in the country who unites all these qualifications. Again, in every particular, the Chief Examiner is a subordinate of the Commission, of which two members are Democrats and one is a Republican. There are six of the officers of the Commission who unite *all authority*, with the greatest opportunities for influence, *viz.*, the three Commissioners, the Chief Examiner, the Secretary and the Stenographer. At the time of Mr. Webster's appointment (the office of Chief Examiner being vacant) four out of these six officers were Democrats, and only one, Mr. Lyman, was a Republican. Had a Democrat been made Chief Examiner, there would have been in these controlling places five Democrats to one Republican."

William Holcomb Webster was born at Burlington, Conn., on January 24th, 1839. He entered Trinity College, Hartford, taking the degree of B. A. in June, 1862, and graduating at the same institution with the degree of M.A. in June, 1864. He studied law in the Columbian College, Washington, D. C., and graduated therefrom in June, 1871, taking the degree of B. S. Thirteen days after graduating from Trinity College, he was commissioned a Second-lieutenant, Company I, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, a regiment raised and equipped by Colonel "Sam" Colt, and commanded by Colonel Orange S. Ferry, afterwards United States Senator from Connecticut. There were several Yale and Trinity "boys" among the officers. Webster was promoted to be first-lieutenant, August 9th, 1862, and discharged for disability, April 10th, 1863. During the draft in 1863, Lieutenant Webster served eight months in the office of the Provost Marshal, First District, Connecticut. In January, 1864, he was appointed Second-lieutenant, Volunteer Reserve Corps; he was finally mustered out as First-lieutenant, Volunteer Reserve Corps, Detached, November, 1868. After the cessation of hostilities, Mr. Webster was on duty during the "Reconstruction" period in the State of Louisiana, in charge of different sub-districts of the Freedman's Bureau. In June, 1869, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Pension Office, and has been in the Pension Bureau ever since. During that time he has occupied the position of Chief of Division of the Pension Office—nine years of the period as Chief of the Old War and Navy Division. He was one of the compilers of the Digest of Pension Laws, Decisions, etc., issued in 1885.

## JACK AND JILL.

BY ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

### CHAPTER XI.

**I**N two weeks, Jack, his household, and their belongings, are installed in their London abode. Here life passes pleasantly—so pleasantly that to Tempest's disgust she can find no time to devote to lamentations over the loss of the Rock House. True, memory lingers about the old home-stead fondly; but wild grief at the change, she can experience none; perhaps this is partially due to Jack's assurance that for the Summer he will *rent* (?) the Rock House of Dempsey, and as of yore they will migrate down to Cornwall. Lady Montclaire comes frequently to them; so also does Philip; indeed, the half-foreign, half-Bohemian life led by Jack and Jill, in conjunction with their alluring personalities, at all times fills their small house with an enviable *coterie* of celebrities.

And now Jill wakes up to find herself famous; a little sketch about the size of two hands—a good light at the Art Exhibit—a great Lord Somebody and a famous critic, who chances to be pleased with it, and her name is in the papers, her pieces are in demand, and herself is bidding fair to distance her father. Dempsey she sees often—occasionally at her home, but oftener at the Montclaires', with whom, as perhaps is only natural, she is a greater favorite than ever; indeed, Lady Hilda chaperons her, and takes her into society whenever the girl will go, and it is a secret scheme of hers and Jack's that she shall be presented at court the following season. But between Tempest and Hugh no words pass not absolutely necessary to their situation and good-breeding. Indeed, Dempsey does not affect society as much as formerly; and that he does not seem to be taking life easily is a fact very palpable to Jack, and very productive of solicitude.

On the night of one of Lady Hilda's grandest receptions, he is looking particularly gloomy as he stands leaning against a marble column, his morose glance fixed upon a distant object—or, rather, upon two distant objects. They are Philip and Tempest. The small room in which they are standing, and on the threshold of which he is lingering, opens off the thronged ballroom, and is quite deserted. Through the open door come the delicious strains of the sweetest of German waltzes; around them floats the incense of blooming exotics; Philip is bending low over the girl's hand, struggling with a rebellious glove-button that utterly refuses to do its duty; and Tempest is laughing encouragement into the fiery, half-fierce eyes of the young man, whom all the world can see, to-night, in the last stage of infatuation.

With angry resentment—but what under heaven is he resenting?—in his own glance, Dempsey watches the pair; then, as Philip gets through with his enviable task, he seems to take a sudden resolution, and before either is aware of his proximity, he presents before them his dark and unsmiling presence.

"Are you engaged for this waltz?" he inquires of Tempest; his tone is abrupt, and holds a sort of grim defiance.

So amazed is she by this attack, that for a moment she can only stand stupidly staring at him. Hitherto, as if by mutual consent, they have avoided one another as if they were pestilence; they would have been flayed rather than so much as touched one another's hand; and now—!

Philip is regarding the newcomer arrogantly; for some reason there is now no friendship to speak of between these two young men, once good comrades.

"She has promised me," he says. Favoring him with one contemptuous glance, Dempsey sees the polite lie in the eager way in which the other is regarding Tempest.

Without a word Hugh lifts and inspects the girl's programme; among all the elegant hieroglyphics that thereon appear, those of Montclaire are not affixed to this particular waltz; neither do any one else's appear.

"Ah, you are disengaged; may I have the pleasure?" he repeats, with stiff formality, as he offers his arm.

But Philip does not take his hand from the girl's wrist; and at last she arouses herself to the palpable fact that these two young men are very near quarreling over her. A demon of malice and mischief flashes into her eyes.

"So sorry," she murmurs, in a voice of false sweetness; "but, do you know, I fancy I really am engaged to Mr. Montclaire."

Dempsey sets his teeth and whitens somewhat; neither is his state of mind bettered by the triumphant glance that Philip shoots him as he leads Tempest away.

Throughout the dance Dempsey waits motionless, a deep fold between his brows, his teeth gnawing his under lip nervously, while his glance follows this particular couple.

When it is finished he steps up to them; but noticing the man no more than if he did not exist, he fixes his bleak eyes upon Tempest.

"Come with me; I wish to speak with you," he says, in a voice that is thoroughly quiet, yet which cows her slightly.

Mutely she lays her hand upon his arm, and he leads her away to the music-room, which is vacant. Here he turns and faces her with eyes afire, and utterly shaken out of his cool, *blase*, contemptuous self.

"You must be very far gone on Montclaire, indeed," he says, through his teeth that are crushed hard together, "to have lied to me so abominably for the sake of being with him, especially when you have made yourself notorious by dancing with him more than half the time already."

His opening address is certainly not conciliating, and the girl regards him with indignant eyes.

"I have danced with him but four times," she replies, slowly; "and in any case, what business is it of yours?"

He looks at her for a moment before replying. Her small head, with its folds of burnished hair, is held high with its old spirited poise; her eyes are large and bright; the damask hue in her cheeks has deepened to a flaming vermillion, and her bare, rounded arms and shoulders gleam purer than does the whiteness of her sweeping velvet gown.

She is surpassingly fair to look upon, but that fact seems only to strengthen the demon swaying Dempsey's heart.

"I would never have reminded you of our position," he says, in a slow and slightly husky tone, "had your conduct left me any other choice. But if the truth about us should ever be known, I do not care for the world to see that of which I am but too well aware—that you have covered me with disgrace to-night."

At that ugly word she grows white as death—her ashen lips part—her speech is but a whisper.

"How dare you?"

"You know—you must know—that that man, Montclaire, is making love to you. Yet in every tone of your voice, every trick of your eye, you offer him encouragement," he goes on, furiously.

"It is not true," she replies, more moved than he has ever seen her before. "His mother told me that he is entirely cured of his foolish fancy; he is simply my friend, as he is my father's friend. To prove it, I will tell you that which perhaps I had ought not to tell, for the affair is not to be announced yet—he is engaged to the Countess of Saxe."

Dempsey declines to show the surprise he really experiences.

"He shows his wisdom: he is hopelessly in debt, and his father is out of all patience with him—the countess's fortune will set him on his feet again finely, even though she is twice his age. If this be true, it is the more reason why you should not play fast and loose with him, and I should object to the intimacy between you."

"Philip has been my friend since childhood; you shall not set me against him," she rejoins, with immovable obstinacy.

"Look here," he says, roughly; "you must admit that I have never hampered you with marital authority; but now I forbid you to dance again with Montclaire."

She shrinks back from him, and grows instinct with outraged pride.

"Are you mad," she cries, "that you presume to dictate to me in this manner?"

He pauses as if for consideration; he knows that he had as well fling himself against a rock as to contend with her unconquerable will.

"Will you listen to me rationally," he says, with forced quiet, "and take my advice as I should hope my sister—had I one—would take it? I know more of Montclaire than perhaps any one else does. I swear to you, for your peace of mind and your good name, you had better keep away from him. Down in Cornwall it was different; but here in London, where every eye is upon you, and you are becoming celebrated—and above all, with *this secret* lying between you and me—matters are considerably changed, and I am obliged to repeat, I desire you not again to dance with him to-night."

"And you oblige me to repeat, that I will allow no person who has not the right—much less the cause—to turn me against my friends," she returns, in a carefully repressed voice. "I have promised Philip the next dance after this one, and I shall not break my faith with him."

Again he stands mute, his eyes, into which a queer look has crept, fixed upon the heaving

whiteness of her throat and shoulders; then his head sinks lower and lower above her, until his lurid eyes are glaring into hers.

"You take pleasure in twitting me with having no right over you," he says, in a hoarse undertone. "Are you a fool, that you thus defy and tempt me? Do you know that I could this hour take you from this house into my own, and there compel you to remain? For, let the circumstances have been what they will, *you are my wife*—as much, as solely *mine* as if the ceremony had been performed in Westminster. Tell me, am I not forbearing?—do you treat me much as though I was your husband?" he ends, with a harsh laugh. "What do you say, now?—will you dance with Montclaire?" he demands, after a pause, in an evil voice.

Tempest sweeps one wild, startled glance at him, then does what she has rarely ever done before—breaks down, and covering her face with her hands, bursts into tears. It is the only weapon she could have effectively used against him, in his present mood. Sobered and appalled, he changes color and looks at her as in fascination.

"What have I done?" he mutters. "I—I did not mean to have cut you up so. Can I do anything for you?—won't you have an ice or a glass of wine?" he continues, in an agony of alarm.

She lowers her hands and points to the door, her eyes flaming amidst their tears.

"You can do nothing but leave me! Go!" she commands, with bitter vehemence.

And, guilty and abashed, he vanishes!

But it is a fact of which Dempsey is duly sensible, she does not dance again with Philip, although of a certain interview that soon after transpires between the two he, of course, is ignorant.

When Montclaire joins Tempest to claim his waltz she pleads fatigue, but cannot avoid being led away into a quiet alcove to rest; here, one glance at Philip's scowling visage and determined eyes assures her that she is threatened with another scene. But before she has an idea of his immediate intentions, he has dropped upon his knees beside her, has seized her hands, and has repeated his offer of his heart and hand.

She breaks away from him with a gesture of horror and aversion, the violence of which makes mute her lips.

"Let me go," she whispers.

Her resistance sweeps away Montclaire's gentleness, and leaves only the coarser passions.

"You shall hear me," he says, angrily. "You shall, now and here, define our positions. No longer will I be played fast and loose with"—Dempsey's very words. "Why are you so shocked? Had not you a right to expect this? Tempest, for God's sake, be my wife."

She clinches her hands in desperate helplessness.

"I had no cause to expect it," she says, in passionate denial.

"No cause, when, ever since you have been in London, you have let me be by your side more than any one else?—when you have ridden and walked and danced with me daily, even though you knew I was bound to another? Tempest, do you mean that you have been fooling me these three months, in which you have been giving me every encouragement to make a fool of myself?"

"Have I given you encouragement, Philip?" she cries, with feverish entreaty in her voice. "You are angry now—but try to think coolly—dispassionately; have I given you any encouragement that if—if—I were a married woman would have been improper?"

Philip breaks into a grating laugh.

"If you were a married woman," he says, bluntly, "you would have given your husband the right to shoot me."

Again the coward color gallops from her face—she is trembling ever so slightly—but still trembling.

"But I did not mean it," she tells him, in an intense whisper. "I had no idea of what I was doing. I—I was restless and—and—not—quite—happy, and I did not stop to think."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have made a catapaw of me?" he demands, fiercely.

"No—no"—still in that shaken undertone—"but I thought you were my friend—I never dreamed—"

"Young as you are, you have been about the world enough to know that no man can be a woman's friend, once she has refused him," he interrupts, savagely.

"How should I think that of you, when I knew that you were engaged to another woman?" she cries, waking up to something of her old spirit.

"Ah! so I am. Poor old Countess Mary! I have been writing her the most impassioned letters since she has been stopping at Nice. By-the-way, to-morrow I shall again have the pleasure of clasping her to my heart—they turn up in London by the four-thirty express." Then he drops his jeering tones and bends towards her with passionate tenderness. "Darling, you know that this woman is nothing to me—it is all my father's doings. It is something I never expected to say, but I say it now, with all my heart—I have sunk to that pitch where 'all for love and the world well lost' is one's only consideration. Marry me, Tempest, and Lady Mary and her money may go to the deuce. Oh, girl, I am here—at your feet—so near you—cannot I force you to feel a little of the passion that has eaten my heart up in the past year?"

"Let me go, Philip—I cannot—will not listen."

"Am I poison," he cries, bitterly, "that you try so desperately to escape me?"

"Philip," she says, with more composure, as she lays her hand lightly on his heaving shoulder, "do not think hard of me, but this you ask can never be. Poor fellow"—as Montclaire clinches his teeth and turns away from the heavenly pity of her sorrowful face—"if I am to blame for this

going hard with you, I am sorry: you will never know—no one ever will know how completely I regret my thoughtlessness." There is a tinge of excitement in her manner now.

Philip wheels around upon her.

"I know whom I have to thank for this" he hisses. "It is Dempsey's doings. He has been filling your ears with some black lie against me as to the past, and for the purpose of ingratiating himself with you. He fancies he has cleverly hidden his secret, but it is plain to me that he himself is in love with you."

She turns upon him a strange, frightened glance.

"You are utterly mistaken," she says, with tremulous vehemence. "I have cause to know that his opinion of me is the worst."

"That may be, and yet he would give his eyes to make you his wife," declares Philip. "Men do not always, by a long chalk, have a good opinion of the women they love. But that is neither here nor there; you have given me my final answer."

"Never—never can I give you any other."

Montclaire springs to his feet in an excess of uncontrollable passion.

"By Heaven, you shall repent this!" he grinds out, and in the next moment she is alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The squeak of the fiddles has died; the last lingering guest has departed; the lights are turned down, and the great house of Sir John Montclaire grows quiet.

Until the gray dawn begins to break, Philip paces the floor of his chamber. In the dim light his swarthy face shows haggard, with dark circles under his eyes; evidently his mind is ill at ease. At last he pauses in his tramp, and stationing himself at the window, pulls aside the curtains, and looks out upon the unenlivening prospect of the street. The sight of the milk-drays and butcher-carts rattling up before the hushed and darkened mansions seems to enable him to come to a decision.

"I'll do it!" he exclaims, fetching his hand down sharply upon the window-casing. "I can but fail; as to the consequences, I am desperate, and will take them."

He rings for his man to pack his bag, and then throws himself upon the bed for an hour's sleep with which to fortify himself for his hazardous venture.

(To be continued.)

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### PRINCE ALEXANDER'S AbdICATION.

Russia has apparently triumphed in Bulgaria, after all. Prince Alexander's return was marked by affectionate demonstrations all along the route, and particularly at Philippopolis and Sofia; but this triumph was of the briefest possible duration. Immediately upon returning to his capital, the doomed Prince dispatched a submissive letter to the Czar of Russia. He received a sharp, menacing reply, to the effect that Russia demanded and proposed to secure the restoration of her influence in the Balkan state. As Germany and Austria apparently acquiesced in this demand, and England held aloof, nothing remained for Prince Alexander but to abdicate. Accordingly, he signed the deed of abdication, and, leaving the Government in the hands of a Regency Council, started back for the frontier on Tuesday, the 7th instant. The populace of Sofia were much affected at his departure, and wished him a speedy return. He was also welcomed with great enthusiasm at Widdin.

which he or she lives. The salary of the village teacher varies according to size of the village, ranging from \$50 to \$150 per annum. In the larger towns of Russia the public schools have a better appearance, being often built of stone. The colleges and universities, being supported by the Government, are remarkable for their beauty and accommodations.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AT EDINBURGH.

Queen Victoria's visit to Edinburgh, which was marked by picturesque ceremonial features, lasted three days—August 18th, 19th and 20th. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, was met at the Waverley railway station by the Lord Provost and Town Clerk, the Sheriff of Midlothian, and Major-general Elliot. She went to Holyrood Palace, and rested till the afternoon, when she visited the International Exhibition of Industry, Science and Art. The royal party, making historic Holyrood their headquarters, spent the remaining two days of their stay in visiting the Exhibition, Newbattle Abbey (the residence of Lord and Lady Lothian), the Royal Blind Asylum at Craigmillar, St. Giles' Cathedral, and other places of interest. Our engraving gives an interesting view of Holyrood, with the Queen's carriage in the foreground.

## THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

An Irishman has rarely been selected to preside over the Irish Government. This at least may be said for the new appointment under the Conservative Administration. The sixth Marquis of Londonderry, the Right Hon. Charles Stewart Vane-Tempest Stewart, is also, in the United Kingdom Peerage, Viscount Seaham, Earl Vane and Baron Stewart; and, in the Irish Peerage, Viscount Castlereagh, Earl of Londonderry, and Baron Londonderry. He is the descendant of an ancient family of Yorkshire and Durham, one of whom, Sir Thomas Tempest, was appointed Attorney-general for Ireland in 1640; and of another family, the Stewarts, of Donegal and of Mount Stewart, County Down, who settled in that country in the seventeenth century. The present Marquis was born in 1852, and was educated at Eton, and at Christchurch College, Oxford. In 1875 he married the beautiful Lady Theresa Susie Helen Talbot, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and has several children. He succeeded to the peerage and estates in 1884. He has not a seat in the Cabinet, but the Chief Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, will bear the main political responsibility of Irish administration.

## CHARLESTON AFTER THE EARTHQUAKES.

ERE the last vibrations of the great earthquake shock have fairly died away, the people of Charleston, encouraged by the magnificent charity of the American people, have set bravely to work to clear away the ruins of their shattered city. Already there is hopeful talk of raising it from the wreck, stately and more prosperous than ever; but years must elapse before this dream can be realized, and Charleston's sister cities must be as liberal and steadfast in their commercial relations with her as they are to-day spontaneous in their gifts for her relief.

As the extent and the details of the calamity become known, it appears that, while the loss of life is happily not so great as was feared, the damage to property far exceeds the first hurried estimates. City Assessor Kelly has concluded that to replace the brick houses and stores that are damaged beyond repair must cost not less than \$5,000,000. To this loss must be added the value of ruined furniture, household implements, bedding, clothing, and stocks of goods in stores, so that there is great probability that when the people come to foot up their losses closely they will be found to reach \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000.

A tour through the principal streets soon impresses upon the visitor how widespread and how serious is the damage done to the buildings on every side. Cracked and bulging fronts, broken cornices, hanging beams, and fragments of masonry, menace the pedestrian and threaten death at every step. Nearing Calhoun Street from King, the first glimpse is caught of the Citadel, with Marion Square (formerly the Citadel Green) in front of it to the south. The towers of this massive structure have all been wholly or partially shaken down, while the parapet between has fallen in some places in solid blocks. Marion Square is covered with rude tents made of material of every conceivable kind and color, while here and there above this motley camp are scattered rude plank huts. Over the northeast corner of the square is Wragg Square Park, also a populous camping-ground, while at the rear of the park is Flynn's Presbyterian Church, cracked from roof to foundation.

Meeting Street for nearly two miles presents a succession of wrecked and damaged buildings. Prominent among these is the Charleston Hotel. Almost the entire cornice over the portico has tumbled into the street, and the building has the appearance of being badly wrecked. The outer and inner walls are cracked in every direction, and large masses of the coping have fallen into the courtyard, completely demolishing the ornamental iron fence which surrounded that pretty little inclosure. The residences on the South and East Battery, many of them historic mansions, have suffered severely. In short, only a catalogue could give an idea of the number even of notable buildings which stand virtual wrecks. The old hall of the South Carolina Society is cracked and broken in many places, and the old United States Court House was so much shaken to pieces that the janitor was killed. The Scotch Presbyterian Church, on the southwest corner of Tradd, is a ruin.

It is hoped that the beautiful spire of St. Philip's Church in Church Street may be saved, though at first it was considered so much damaged that its fall was regarded as a certainty. Its foundations are undisturbed, and it is built around a firm core of iron. The great masses which were wrenched away from far up towards the top were merely ornamental work, and added nothing to the strength of the structure itself.

Workmen are engaged in pulling down such portions of the masonry as were liable to fall with the first high wind. The ornamental work, which is massive and stately, will be torn away and restored with as much of the old material as possible. There is not so much hope of saving the spire of St. Michael's. The church itself is one of the most dangerous wrecks in the city. Scarcely any of the churches are in condition to be occupied, and on the two Sundays since the earthquake impressive religious services have been held in the open air. On the first Sunday, some of the preachers appeared disposed to comment upon the disaster in a way to add to the excitement and dismay of their hearers. On this subject, the Rev.

## AN IRISH EVICTION.

RECENT evictions in Woodford, County Galway, Ireland, were attended by very exciting incidents. A force of 550 policemen, strengthened by a large number of "emergency men" and extra bailiffs, went to the house of a tenant named Saunders, which had for some days been defended from

Robert Wilson, an Episcopal clergyman of St. Luke's Church, says, in a published card: "The man who calls this a 'visitation of God's wrath for sin' is a fanatic who ought to be silenced. God is a loving father, and not an executioner. Such talk is narrow, dangerous and false. If we suffer from the operation of the wise laws which govern the universe for general good, the compensations will come hereafter. This earthquake teaches the littleness of our power and knowledge, and our dependence on Him."

The insecure condition of the houses, and the fear caused by the continuance of slight tremors for over a week after the first shock on the night of August 31st, drove almost the entire population of the city into the open air to live and sleep. Fully 40,000 men, women and children "camped out" in the parks, squares and open lots, and most of these are still living under temporary shelter. This condition of things is likely to continue for some time; for, out of a population of 60,000, rather more than half are negroes, and the vast majority of the people are unable to do anything for themselves in the way of rebuilding. The perhaps unavoidable delay of the War Department in furnishing tents has caused great inconvenience, not to say suffering. The showers of rain which have fallen during the past week have added to the cheerlessness of the situation, besides increasing the danger of falling walls. Several thousand people have left Charleston, but visitors come in throngs from all directions. The demoralization of the colored people is extreme. Encamped in Washington Park, City Hall Square, and other open places, they kept up, especially during the first days of the panic, a succession of noisy religious exercises, distressing to see and hear.

Mayor William A. Courtenay of Charleston was on the sea when the earthquake visited his city. He arrived in New York by the steamer *Etruria* on Sunday, the 5th inst., having received the night before, at Quarantine, his first news of the disaster. He hastened home, and on Tuesday morning relieved Acting Mayor Huger, who had had a hard struggle with the appalling difficulties of the situation. The Mayor's return put everybody in better spirits, and the organization of the relief went on in a business-like manner. The following Committee on Finance has been created, who will receive all money contributions: The Mayor, F. S. Rodgers, and A. W. Taft. Mr. W. L. Campbell has been appointed Treasurer of the Committee. Nearly \$200,000 has been contributed thus far. The immediate necessities of the people, except in the matter of shelter, are provided for. About 6,000 rations are issued daily, chiefly to the colored people. The railroad-tracks have all been repaired, the wires are all working well, and ships are coming into port every day. Food and drink are plentiful, at normal prices. The authorities have not yet given their estimate of the amount of money needed for the sufferers, but it is certain that that good use will be made of all that may be sent.

Mayor Courtenay says, in a private letter: "Our losses are certainly \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000. Of course, the majority falls on those who must stand it. But you know how universal has been the effort through loan associations to secure homes. There are 2,000 such damaged \$200 to \$600—mostly helpless. Their houses must be restored within sixty days or cold weather will overtake them. All these people are our business force. Now we can use \$500,000 to \$700,000. The question is, 'Can we get it?' You can use this cold, dry statement of facts in your own way. I am looking over the situation dispassionately, and I am not at all scared."

Professor McGee, of the Geological Survey, has finished his investigations and returned to Washington. He is satisfied that there is no reason to fear future shocks of greater severity than those which have already occurred within the past few days, and that there is not the slightest danger of tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, or other serious disturbances.

## "MAYFLOWER" AND "GALATEA."

THE first of this year's series of international yacht-races for the America's Cup was sailed on Tuesday of last week by the British cutter *Galatea* and the Boston sloop *Mayflower*, selected as the representative yachts of the two countries. The course was that of the New York Yacht Club—starting from Bay Ridge, rounding the Sandy Hook Lightship and finishing at Buoy 15, just outside the Narrows—a distance of forty miles. The usual weather prevailed—sunshine, a light breeze, and a gently ruffled sea. The start was made at 10:56, the *Galatea* leading. Before the Narrows were reached, however, the Yankee sloop had come to the front, and she did not fall behind again during the race. The popular interest in the contest was shown by the crowds which lined the shores on both sides of the Narrows, and by the vast fleet of boats which followed in the wake of the racing yachts. The latter were much annoyed by the excursion steamers, and it is a matter of universal regret that the English yacht was the greater sufferer from this courtesy. It would be an absurd exaggeration, nevertheless, to say the *Galatea* lost the race through this cause. She was fairly outsailed, as every spectator must have admitted.

The *Mayflower* turned the lightship at 2h. 35m. 2s. Nine minutes and 11 seconds later the *Galatea* followed. During the run home, most of the excursion boats and steam-yachts deserted the *Galatea*, to follow the leader in the race. It was a wonderful sight. For more than a mile out the waiting fleet of yachts and oyster-sloops lapped each other, sail on sail, and hull on hull. Never had such a fleet gathered there before. Fully 400 boats awaited the coming of the *Mayflower* at the finish, which she reached at 4h. 22m. 53s. The *Galatea* came handsomely over the line 12m. and 39s. later. The *Mayflower* had beaten her 12m. 40s. in actual sailing time, and 12m. 2s. with time allowance. The yachts had completed the course in less than five hours and a half, while last year it took the *Genesta* and the *Puritan* over six hours to do it.

On Thursday, the attempt to sail the second race, twenty miles to windward from the Scotland Lightship and back resulted in a failure, on account of fog and rain. The yachts went over the greater part of the course, however, in a rattling breeze, and at the twenty-mile turning-stake the *Mayflower* was between two and three miles ahead. The *Galatea* was evidently no match for her. The race was postponed until Saturday.

## AN IRISH EVICTION.

RECENT evictions in Woodford, County Galway, Ireland, were attended by very exciting incidents. A force of 550 policemen, strengthened by a large number of "emergency men" and extra bailiffs, went to the house of a tenant named Saunders, which had for some days been defended from

within by a number of armed men, and actually in a state of siege. The roof of the dwelling had been pierced with loopholes, through which the inmates threw boiling water upon the officers. Several policemen and bailiffs were severely scalded. A more novel form of defense was the letting loose of a swarm of angry bees, which clustered among the attacking party and proved quite efficient in demoralizing the officers of the law. Scaling-ladders were procured, and finally, after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, the house was carried by storm and its twenty defenders were made prisoners. The officers, on entering, found large cauldrons of water boiling over a huge fire, a bag of lime to be used with the water, and a quantity of stones and other missiles.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

J. H. PRICE, of Neosho, Mo., was eighty-three years old the other day, and at the family reunion to celebrate the event there were present five sons, two daughters, sixty-seven grandchildren and forty-eight great-grandchildren. One son and twelve grandchildren and great-grandchildren were not present. Among the presents was an armchair bought with five-cent contributions of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A GEORGIA paper prints a remarkable obituary notice of an old negro who died near Lumpkin recently. It says: "This old man was a former slave of J. A. B. Ward, and lived with the Ward family nearly fifty years. He was never heard to swear an oath, was never accused of lying or theft, never had a dispute or quarrel with his wife, never had a whipping during slavery, nor was he ever known to take a drink of whisky. He was always faithful and obedient, peaceful and reliable. He and his wife had sixteen children, and they lived to see 120 descendants, who are now living."

THE RUSSIANS have just completed their railroad bridge across the Murghab River, whose waters irrigate the Merv oasis in Central Asia. The first locomotive crossed the Murghab only twenty-seven days after the Trans-Caspian Railroad reached the town of Merv on the left bank of the river, 744 miles from the road's western terminus on the Caspian. The extension of the road beyond Merv was to begin on Saturday, August 28th, and the road is to be completed to Charjui, on the Oxus River, by November. Thus this wonderful enterprise, uniting the oases of Turkistan by iron rails laid through broad deserts of sand, is being advanced as rapidly as though by American push and energy.

A TROOP of Mussulman ghosts greatly excites the faithful Mohammedans near Ajmere, in Rajputana, India. Every night four or five hundred horsemen, dressed in the sacred green of Mohammed's descendants, are said to come out of a neighboring valley, and, after riding silently about the plain for some hours, suddenly disappear. The mysterious apparitions are believed to be the followers of Hussain, whose death, with that of his brother Hassan, is commemorated in the great Indian festival of the Mohurrum. Hussain and Hassan were the sons of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, whose inheritance of the Prophet's sovereign power is upheld by the Shiites or sectaries, in opposition to the orthodox Sunnites.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC men are beginning to discuss the "sea-serpent" as a probable creature.

IT is estimated that about 100,000 species of flowering plants are now known to botanists.

AN ANTIDOTE for poison by poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quick-lime, dissolve it in water, let it stand an hour, and paint the poisoned parts with it. It is said that three or four applications will cure the most aggravated cases.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS says in the *Organ des Mines*, regarding the projected paper-rail works at St. Petersburg, that the rails can be made at one-third the cost of steel rails, and that they are very durable, the paper being condensed by great pressure. Being lighter than metal, they can be carried and laid at far less cost. They are to be made in greater lengths than ordinary rails, and the oscillation and consequent wear and tear of rolling-stock will be proportionately diminished. The success or failure of the project appears to be solely a question of durability.

AN INVENTOR at Shanghai, China, has contrived an electric sword which, when the point touches the party attacked, sends a powerful shock through him, and if not immediately killing, will at least put him *hors du combat*. The sword is an ordinary military sabre, but along its whole length is let in a fine platinum wire, which ends at the point of the weapon. A small but very powerful storage-battery is carried strapped about the waist, much the same as a cartridge-box. Insulated wires connect this battery with the sword, and by pressing a button the holder can complete the circuit at pleasure.

FOR several years attempts have been made in Sweden to extract tannic matter from the Swedish species of pine, similar in quality, etc., to that of the American hemlock (*Pinus canadensis*), but without satisfactory results, chiefly on account of the manner in which this is done not being known. Now, however, the question has been solved by a chemist, Dr. Laudin, who, having visited North America for this purpose, has, on his return to Sweden, succeeded in producing tannic matter by a chemical process, which has been found equal to the American, though the color of the Swedish leather produced therewith is more yellow in color than the American. It is hoped that this discovery will have the effect of causing a great tanning industry to spring up in Sweden.

## DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 4TH—In Bristol, R. I., General Lloyd Aspinwall, aged 56 years; in Nashville, Tenn., General B. F. Cheatham, recently appointed Postmaster. September 5th—In Exeter, N. H., Dr. Albert H. Crosby, of Concord, aged 58 years. September 6th—In Boston, Mass., Benjamin Thaxter, the oldest merchant of that city, aged 98 years. September 7th—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Oran S. Baldwin, the well-known clothier, aged 62 years; at Ballston Spa, N. Y., Judge George Gordon Scott, aged 75 years. September 8th—In New York, Dr. John Burke, one of the oldest Fellows of the Academy of Medicine, aged 59 years; in New York, William F. Trout, manufacturer of printing-inks, aged 83 years; in Madison, N. J., George H. Danforth, a former director of the American Banknote Company, aged 51 years; in Baltimore, Md., the Rev. Joseph Palmer, an English Catholic priest and missionary.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is writing another book.

MR. GLADSTONE is to stay six weeks in the Bavarian highlands.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is reported to be seriously ill from overwork.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is said to be steadily gaining in weight.

JUDGE REAGAN has been renominated for Congress by acclamation in the Second Texas District.

SECRETARY LAMAR is to make the address at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument in Charleston in November.

THE widow of Paul Hayne, the Southern poet, is in want, and a subscription for her benefit has been suggested.

MRS. LANGTRY sails from Liverpool on the Alaska on the 18th inst., and will arrive here about the 25th.

GILL is a member of the Fish Commission, and Drum is Acting Secretary of War. Is there anything in a name?

GENERAL SHERMAN has made his home at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and will pass the Autumn and Winter there.

It is said that ex-Mayor Edward Cooper will succeed the late Hubert O. Thompson as leader of the New York County Democracy.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR states in his own handwriting that his health has very much improved during his sojourn in New London.

THE DUCHESS OF AUMALE has leased the Hotel Prevalaire, at Brussels, to which he intends transferring the great Chantilly collection of paintings.

THE professorship in dynamic engineering in Washington University has recently been filled for the coming year by the appointment of Horace B. Gale, M. E., of Boston.

MRS. GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK has been engaged this Summer in writing a volume of reminiscences of her late husband. It is now about completed, and will be published this Winter.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, according to Neal Dow, receives fifty dollars per night for his campaign work in Maine. His sympathy with the Prohibition cause is not, apparently, altogether disinterested.

THE labor organizations of Connecticut have nominated a full State ticket, headed by H. C. Baker for Governor. In the same State, Hon. Phineas C. Lounsbury has been nominated for that office by the Republicans.

MARTIN IRONS, the leader of the great Southwestern railroad strike, was locked up at the police station at Kansas City, Mo., over night, last week, on a charge of drunkenness, being unable to give bond for his release.

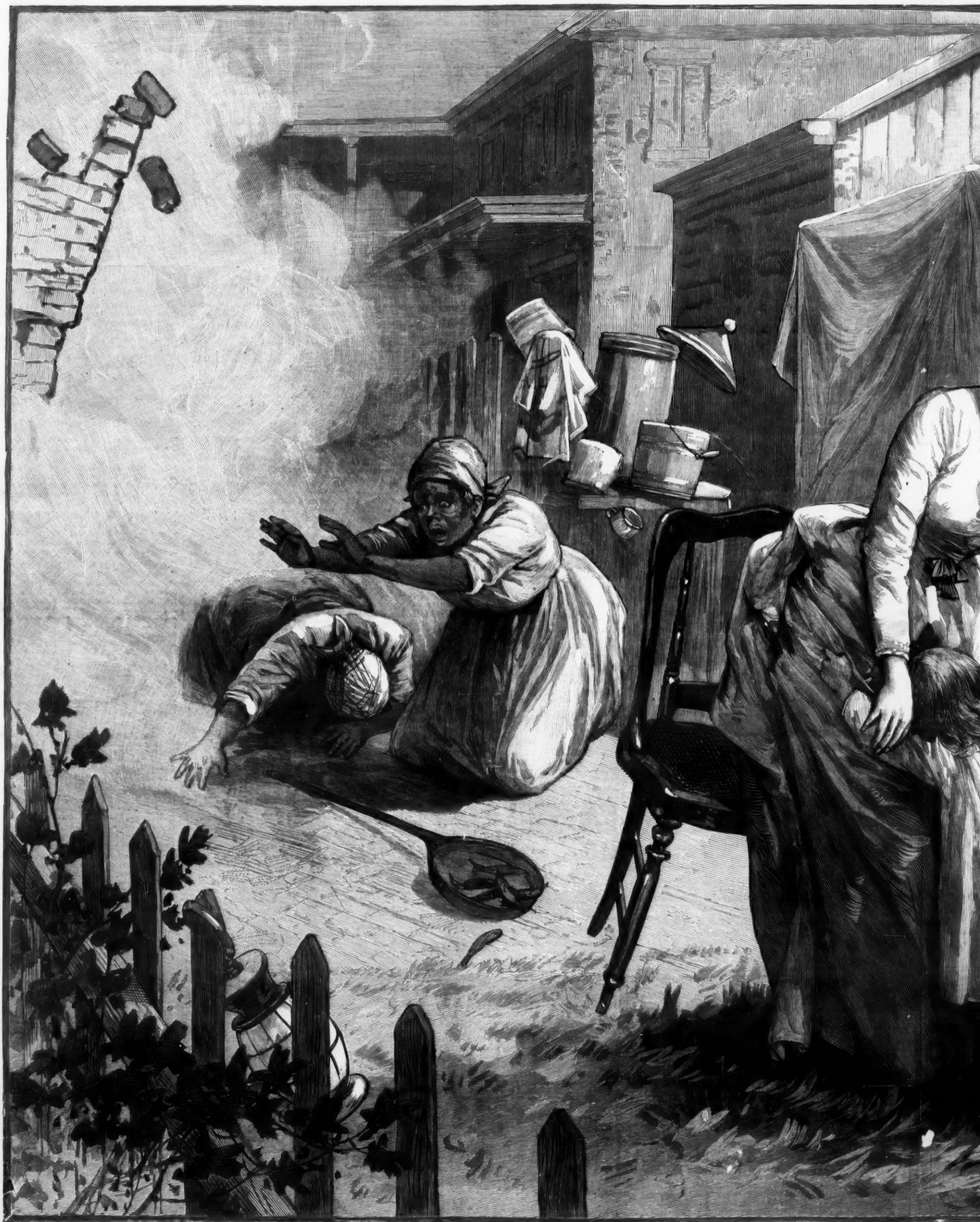
SUNSET COX will leave Havre for New York on the steamship *La Champagne*, October 2d. He is coming home on a vacation, and will improve the opportunity to look after his election to Congress from the Ninth District, to succeed Mr. Pulitzer.

MR. LEITER, the retired drygoods prince of Chicago, will, it is rumored, give up the Blaine mansion on Du Pont Circle, Washington. Mr. Leiter took the place in 1884, at an annual rental of \$5,000, and has added much to its beauty since.

JOHN A. LOGAN, Jr., son of the Illinois Senator, has a real estate and loan office in Washington. Butler Mahone, son of the Virginia celebrity, is in the banking business with a son of the late Henry D. Cooke. John Sherman's nephew is in the real estate business at the capital.

MR. DUDLEY BUCK's new cantata, "The Light of Asia," written for a forthcoming concert of the Brooklyn Apollo Club, will be published in London by Messrs. Novello, and will probably be taken up by one of the British choral societies. It is written for three soloists (soprano, tenor and bass), chorus and orchestra.

SENATOR MAHONE, playing billiards the other evening before a number of his admirers, tried a difficult shot and just missed making it. He looked disgusted. "That was magnificent, even if it didn't count, general," said a friend. "No, sir," said the little man, sagely; "nothing is magnificent that misses."



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES AT CHARLESTON—SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF A R

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE



OF A RESIDENCE ON SOCIETY STREET—A SHOCK AT BREAKFAST-TIME—THE FALLING WALL.  
BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 71.

## UN RENCONTRE.

NOW ought we to laugh or to weep?  
Was it comical, or was it grave,  
When we, who had waded breast-deep  
In Passion's most turbulent wave,  
Met out on an isle, in Time's ocean,  
With never one thrill of emotion?

We had parted in sorrow and tears,  
Our letters were frequent and wet;  
We talked about "pitiless years,"  
And we swore we could never forget.  
An angel you called me alway,  
And I thought you a god gone astray.

We met in the prosiest style,  
Unmoved by a tremor or start—  
Shook hands; smiled a commonplace smile  
(With a happy new love in each heart),  
And I thought you the homeliest man,  
As you awkwardly picked up my fan.

And I know, or I haven't a doubt,  
Tho' you did not say so to my face,  
That you thought I was growing too stout—  
I, once your ideal of grace!  
And ere the encounter was o'er,  
Each voted the other a bore!

What proof that fond Passion can die,  
In this prosaic meeting we had!  
Now ought we to laugh or to cry?  
Was it comical, or was it sad?  
'Tis a puzzle not worthy our time,  
So let's give it up—with this rhyme.

ELLA WIDENER WILCOX.

## "SEÑORITA SYLVIA."

BY ELIZABETH C. ATHERTON.

MISS RAYMOND closed the door of the little country schoolhouse, and paused a moment wearily to look down the long road before starting homeward. It was nearly half-past four, a delicious Californian evening in early Spring, when the world seems only a tender greenness and the sunset a benediction. The crispness after a short rain was in the air, and the budding branches of fruit-trees showed darkly vigorous against the sky.

The little schoolhouse stood by the road leading to Pleasanton, four miles away. Pleasanton lies in the midst of a grain-growing, fruit-raising valley, an old Spanish region where the energetic "white man" is fast supplanting the dreamy descendant of a weakened race. Time was, and not so many years ago, either, when the land for miles around was held entirely by the Spaniards. Pleasanton, then Alisal, was the centre of the region, and many were the merrymakings there, bull-fights, "cascarone" balls, and other long-cherished customs, at the houses of such old residents as the Bernalos, Arguilles, Alvisos—families once rich and powerful, who have given their names to a score of neighboring villages, but have left little other remembrance. A few descendants of these still linger in the Livermore Valley, especially in and around Pleasanton; but most of them are poor, and apparently contented to remain so. It was chiefly from these that Miss Raymond's handful of pupils came. A level-headed Yankee urchin or so, and two or three Irish, with "one little Injun," completed the number.

The children were fairly good as a rule, but today had been a hard one. One Francisca Alviso, young in years, but old in mischief, had capped the climax of a series of peccadillos by smuggling a water-snake into school, and dropping it suddenly on to the neck of the unsuspecting girl in front. The recipient of this attention protested in a true Hibernian howl, succeeded by voluble indignation, and was silenced only when Miss Raymond descended, calm but swift, on the small culprit, and removed her with a firm arm, setting her down outside the door, which she bolted, and returning to her desk, apparently oblivious of kicks and screams outside. Before long there was silence, and school closed quietly as usual. But Miss Raymond dismissed her pupils with an un-Christian wish that they were all in the Dead Sea, and a dreary certainty that schoolteaching was not her proper avocation.

Standing on the porch, half an hour later, she saw a dark figure in the distance that rapidly assumed the proportions of a man on horseback. He approached with a rush, and drew up so suddenly that Miss Raymond jumped. He was a young Spaniard, with a face as black as a thundercloud. His purpose was evidently no pleasant one, but it was evidently changed with his first glance at the slender figure and pale face on the porch. His anger vanished as he demanded, with the sharp interrogation of surprise:

"You are the teacher?"

"Yes."

"Dios mio! Panchita called you old and ugly!" He lifted his sombrero as he spoke.

"Panchita?"

"Francisca, yes. Panchita we call her," he answered, dismounting.

"Francisca went home and told you I had abused her, and you came here to say something hateful," said Miss Raymond, serenely.

Young Alviso seemed nonplussed a moment. Then he broke into a gay laugh, saying:

"Ah, I looked so ugly, you could tell my very thoughts? Forgive me, señorita. That Panchita is a little liar. She said you nearly killed her! You!" with another gleam of dazzling teeth. "But she is a good little devil, my sister. I have always taken her part. Now" (with the bow of Old Spain), "I take yours!"

"You are gracious, Señor Alviso," and Miss Raymond courtesied, to match his bow, while they both laughed. She turned with that to go home, and he walked beside her, leading his horse. They were old friends directly. She had heard often of Bernal Alviso, fifth son of one of the few important Spanish families in the valley—of his daring, his dancing, and his beautiful eyes—of his being, altogether, the finest fellow in the county.

He looked down at her with frank admiration as they went along the country road, laughing boyishly at her salutes. The mile seemed but a rod, and when she stopped at the gate of the place where she boarded he said:

"You will permit me to come again?"

"Señor Alviso forgets he has not been introduced," answered Sylvia, demurely.

"Oh, but—" he began eagerly, when a woman's voice called cheerily from the door:

"Is that you, Bernal Alviso? Come in, and have supper."

"Yes, it is the same bad penny, Mrs. Morton," he called in answer. "I will take my horse round, and then come in." Then wickedly to Sylvia:

"Are you not sorry, señorita?"

But she escaped up the path with a laugh.

After supper, learning that she rode horseback, he begged her to try the Sunol Road with him. Mrs. Morton urged her going, and in the country one does not stand much on ceremony. In five minutes the Morton boys had their mother's own horse ready, and Miss Raymond appeared, in her trim habit and little velvet cap, lovelier than ever to the eyes of already enraptured Alviso.

Southern hearts take fire easily—just a touch of Cupid's torch, and look out! they are in flames. Sylvia Raymond, with the cool blood in her veins of far-back Northern sea-rovers, with her graceful but rather angular beauty like a mediaeval St. Agnes, sat calm in her saddle under the fire of the famous Alviso eyes.

With a "Good luck!" from the Mortons, they were off, walking at first till the hill was passed; then they broke into a swift, easy lope, and sped away over the hard ground westward. Faster, faster, till they seemed to be riding straight into the sunset. Night came on swiftly as they went;

*the madroña* along the way lost its bright contrast of red bark and green leaves; the *manzanita* took strange shapes in the twilight; and the *chaparral* lay in undistinguishable masses by the old fences. A light gleamed now and then from some outlying farmhouse, and the full brook as they splashed through it showed only dim and scattered glimmers from the west. The stealthy silhouette of a coyote passed silently over a wheatfield, and the horses started at a long howl some moments after when the creature was out of sight.

The cool of the March evening made quick motion delightful. Sylvia did not remember that she had a care in the world. She was not riding, but flying, and everything but the invigorating joy of mere healthy existence was forgotten. The rhythmic beat of hoofs, now together, now broken, set her impressions to a kind of music, and when Alviso burst into a gay Spanish song, she joined, although she did not know the words.

At length they drew rein, and she took off her cap to feel the cool air on her forehead. She drank in the exhilaration of the night in silent rapture. The Spaniard looked only at her face.

"I could ride for ever!" she exclaimed, at last.

"I too—if it were with you!"

The intensity of his words startled her. She turned her horse sharply homeward, he with her, and they rode in silence.

Far in the east a tremulous brightness grew in strength above the black hills. Only two or three stars showed in the blue overhead. Upland and valley seemed to be in a hushed expectancy, and Night to stand still with her finger on her lips.

"Even the hills are waiting," said Bernal, in low tones. "It will be the full moon. Let us wait, too, till she rises."

"It is late," Sylvia answered, with some hesitation, but he put his hand gently on her rein, and both came to a dead-stop. She was not angry, though she felt she ought to be. She looked at his tall figure curiously. She had not appreciated before how unusual a type of Spanish manhood he was. None of his race she had seen about there were of robust strength or large build, though many of them were handsome and all were picturesque; but this was a young Hector. She remembered hearing that he had knocked down four men, one after another, in a general *mélée* between the Americans and the Spaniards, with much grace. Sylvia, surrendering herself to the strong arm which guided her easily among the energetic dancers, lost herself in the dreamy waltz. Bernal said nothing: he was evidently afraid to speak after his two rebuffs; but when the dance ended, he asked humbly if he might have the next one.

"Who is that?" she asked Mrs. Morton.

"That girl? Oh, that's Camilla Arguillo, a dreadful creature. She has run after Bernal Alviso till she's become a perfect laughing-stock, but she doesn't care. In fact, she's been heard to say she'll have him yet, and I've no doubt she will. I'm glad it's not one of my boys she has her eye on."

Sylvia looked meditatively at the Morton boys with a politely concealed certainty that nothing short of a very hungry tiger would care to keep an eye on them, but she only said:

"And who is that thin, solemn Spaniard over there?"

"Why, that's Bernal Alviso's uncle, Pachento Delgado. Here he comes. You must dance with him just once, to see how the old Spaniards used to do it. Pachento," she said, "this is Miss Raymond. You must show her how we danced in our young days."

"With pleasure," responded the Spaniard, as though it were a mournful duty.

He led her out with much dignity, and began the waltz slowly, half a dozen steps at first with such ease of motion that Sylvia was just congratulating herself on a good partner, when he suddenly straightened up, took a firm hold, and began to spin round like a top, slowly, but with a deadly certainty. There was no reversing, no variety in the step. They had evidently settled down to serious business. She felt herself lifted almost off her feet; the other dancers were lost in a blur. She gasped and shut her eyes; she had grown overwhelmingly dizzy; had it not been for her partner's supporting arm, she would have fallen. Señor Delgado continued his round with grim precision. Sylvia reflected that if she fainted it would probably make no difference. He was above such trivialities. She felt as she had often thought in her childhood the circus-riders must feel when they whirl round and round the ring and lean far over to keep their equilibrium. Just as she thought she had come to the end of her en-

durance, they subsided without warning into the first easy steps of the dance. She opened her eyes and gave a sigh of relief. It was over! She even began to enjoy the waltz, when the old Spaniard started off again like Fate on his round of torment. Resolved to see it out now, Sylvia fixed her eyes steadfastly on the button of his coat, hoping to keep them open, but in vain. She had to shut them tight and wait, breathless, for the next respite.

The dance seemed to last a week, and it was a very limp and pale young lady the unconscious Spaniard returned to her seat.

"I am a sadder and a wiser girl," she said to Bernal, who looked at her white face with tender solicitude.

"They are going down to supper," he said, giving her his arm. "A cup of coffee will make you feel better. Is it not so?"

Reaching the door at the head of the stairs, they found themselves in a little crush of people. Suddenly one behind pushed against Sylvia with such force that she lost her footing and would have fallen had not Bernal caught her.

"Quita, Camilla Arguillo! Comó se atrevió V. a hacerlo?" she heard him say in a quick passion of anger.

"Si, señor, quita!" was answered, with a loud laugh, and then, "City schoolma'am are very precious!"

Sylvia looked up with an expression of amusement at her companion, but he said, hastily:

"How can you smile? I could kill her! She has the fiend in her, that Arguillo."

During the supper Sylvia caught him gazing blankly once or twice at the ubiquitous Flower Girl, who ran about the room noisily, joking with the young men and rattling dishes.

"That girl could put a knife into you with pleasure," whispered Mrs. Morton to her. "You are among a race of children to-night; that is all these Spaniards are. And when they're bad children, like that Arguillo girl, there's no knowing what'll happen."

After supper, people gathered in little groups in the ballroom, talking and laughing, and when one of the older Spanish women entered with a basket on her arm, there was a rush for her.

"Fifty cents the dozen, señores," she said, filling the outstretched hand as a cry was taken up and repeated around the room, "Cascarones!"

The *cascarones* are eggs cut across at both ends, emptied and dried, filled with bits of bright paper and tinsel, closed again with tissue-paper pasted over the holes, and decorated on the outside with spots and bands of gay color.

Mr. Morton was the first to get his. He made a wild rush across the floor for his wife, and broke a *cascarone* upon her unsuspecting head. The glittering contents flew over her hair and gown like an iris-hued snowstorm.

"That means the compliments of the season," she explained to Sylvia in tranquil good-humor. "It doesn't hurt in the least, but it's always a surprise. You must take it as a great honor if you have many cracked on your head. They used to be filled with perfume, but that was expensive, and spoiled the dresses. It is great fun!"

As she spoke a handsome old Spaniard approached with great solemnity, holding out a *cascarone*, evidently intended for Sylvia, but in the surprise of a stranger's thus saluting her she dodged before his hand descended.

"Señorita," in tones of grave reproof, "it is a sign of respect I would pay you," and down came the *cascarone*.

The fun was now general. Young men pursued laughing girls across the floor, or came upon them unawares with the unfailing egg-shell. Husbands saluted their wives, and children their parents. The bald-headed men were favored recipients, and some of them were so besieged that they mounted the benches and defended themselves with energy. The floor was soon covered with sparkling bits of paper. For a while good-natured confusion was the order of the evening.

Bernal entered into the sport like a boy, and ran hither and thither with hands and pockets full, crashing his *cascarones* right and left, and pursued himself by half the people in the room. He was evidently a great favorite. Sylvia, too, had a full share for a stranger. The grave old Spaniard returned to the charge more than once. It was apparently his way of showing his admiration. Finally he came and sat down by her.

"My family, they are all here," he volunteered, in uncertain English. "I am the father of nine. I bring them all. There is my son, and there, and there. Good boys, good boys! There is the biggest," pointing to Bernal.

"Oh, you are Señor Alviso!" exclaimed Sylvia, with pleasure.

"Yes. You know my boys? One, he is the Auditor of Martinez. I have one girl, Panchita—you know her. Bernal," as the young man approached, "I like to see you and the lady dance."

Bernal looked from his father to Sylvia, evidently pleased to see them such friends, and then led her out for the waltz.

Dancing had begun again, and went on with the spirit of the early evening, though it was after midnight. At two Mrs. Morton declared her intention of going, and Sylvia was only too willing. Bernal protested.

"Why, we shall dance till morning. You're surely not going now, señorita?"

But the señorita was already at the door. When she came down-stairs again, enveloped in a cloud of white, the young Spaniard followed her in mute reproach to the piazza. The others had not come, so he helped her into the carriage, and did not release her hand, although there was no possible excuse for retaining it.

"Señorita Sylvia," he began, almost in a whisper, "it was foolish you called me the other night. I was in earnest, believe me."

"You will take cold, señor. Besides, I think Miss Arguillo is looking for you."

"You make fun of me! It is not fun. I will not be put off like a child. I am a man. I can take care of you. I have a farm, señorita, and money. You will marry me? Do not answer" (hastily, as he heard Mrs. Morton's voice), "I will come to-morrow. Good-night, señorita," and with a quick kiss on her hand he was gone.

"This child of the South makes a pretty wooter," thought Sylvia, leaning back with closed eyes as they started homeward. "But a husband!" and she smiled to herself, picturing a future with this darling Bernal when the glamour of his dark eyes and passionate devotion had worn off.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, Ash Wednesday, there was no school, and late in the afternoon, as Sylvia was loitering, sketch-book in hand, by the hurrying brook, Bernal appeared suddenly before her.

He took her hand as though he meant to keep it. She let it lie a moment, ungloved and soft, in his before she said:

"I am going to sketch, señor. I must not be interrupted."

"I will not interrupt," Bernal protested; "but I do not intend to go away."

Sylvia seated herself on prostrate tree-trunk, and began her arrangements for work rather lazily. It was a warm afternoon for even a Californian March, and the sky was of midsummer blueness, though a skittish white cloud above the far-away hills told of a possible shower. Some crows in a pine-tree near them fluttered and scolded, and an adventurous ground-squirrel ran down the bank from a field near by to look, with bright, curious eyes, at these human intruders. An early blue-jay announced his presence in a harsh imperative from a neighboring fence, and an indifferent cow made her lumbering way down to the stream to drink.

"Do not work," entreated the Spaniard, throwing himself on the ground beside her. "Talk."

"Which means, let you talk," laughed Sylvia.

"Well, talk, and I will go on sketching."

He watched her busy fingers a while in silence. Then he began again:

"No, look at me. Señorita, have you a good answer for me? I adore you! Tell me at least there is no one else."

"There is no one else, but—"

"Do not say but. There is a little hope for me?"

"Poor boy!" Sylvia answered, softly. "Don't you understand? You are of another race, another religion, another temperament. Don't you see that we should have nothing in common after a little while? It would be a life of untold misery for us both."

"No, I don't see! I love you, adore you! I would cut my heart out to make you happy! señorita!"

He had taken her hands, which he covered with kisses. He looked up at her with the appealing eyes of a beautiful wild creature.

"I am a wicked girl to let you stay here," Sylvia broke out. "I ought to send you away this instant. Oh, Bernal, I am so sorry, and I am only making it worse! There is no hope, none at all."

His gaze was a kind of unbelieving anguish. The tears came into Sylvia's eyes.

"My poor boy!" she said, with infinite tenderness, touching his hair with pitying fingers.

With a great sob he laid his head in her lap. "Bernal! Bernal!" she entreated; and, a moment after: "You are only a child, after all."

"No, I am not a child," he answered, chokingly, rising with averted face that she might not see the tears. "I am a man. I will bear it like a man."

He turned and walked slowly away. She could see that he hoped, poor fellow, she would call him back; but she did not, although she longed to. She watched his retreating figure till it was lost among the trees, and listened to his steps till they died away in the distance.

She sat long without moving, resting her chin in her palm, with an unseeing gaze into the water. The day went westward rapidly. The shadows lengthened, and a frog sounded a lonely croak among the weeds; then another, which was taken up further down the stream, echoed and re-echoed till a whole chorus filled and settled down to the evening's music. A growing chill in the air reminded Sylvia at last that it was late. She rose wearily, and, gathering her things, started for home. She was met at the gate by a ringing: "Well, Miss Sylvia!"

"John Rossiter! Have you dropped from the moon?"

"Almost. I came from Livermore. I couldn't be in this part of the country without coming to see you, and persuading you into one of our old horseback rides."

John Rossiter was a well-built, bright fellow, whom Sylvia had known ever since she was a child, an old friend and neighbor, and a charming companion. Under other circumstances she would have hailed his coming with pleasure. Now, even the prospect of a gallop had not its usual attractiveness. Was it likely to resemble that moonlit enchantment of a week back, when she rode into poor Bernal's hot Spanish heart?

But they started off together after supper, taking the Livermore Road. Rossiter chatted of San Francisco doings, of the last book, and Modjeska's interpretation of *Julieta*; of Keith's new picture, and studio happenings in general; but Sylvia did not respond with her customary interest. If this was the intellectual companionship poor Bernal could not give her, why did she not appear more appreciative?

Turning back at last, they heard the swift clatter of approaching hoofs, and a figure on horseback, who, with wide sombrero and flying serape, passed so close that the long cloak swept Rossiter's face as the stranger shot by into the darkness.

"One of those confounded Greasers!" said Rossiter, with a little natural asperity. "He leaned over and glared into my face so, I thought he'd bite."

Sylvia's heart stood still. She knew who it was. She had scarcely time for thought, when a returning rush of hoofs made her turn her head just in time to see the same figure ride furiously against Rossiter, and, with one tremendous effort, push him from his saddle. There was a heavy thud, and the riderless horse fled down the road.

"Coward!" shrieked Sylvia, reining in her own frightened animal; "to strike a man from behind!"

"You lied to me!" shouted the Spaniard, in a wild rage. "You said there was no one else—I have killed him!"

With a fierce cut for his rearing and plunging mustang, he rode off, with an oath, into the night.

Sylvia sprang from her saddle, and pulling her terrified horse to the roadside, fastened him, with trembling fingers, to a tree. Then she ran back in a terror of anticipation to the motionless figure, Rossiter had fallen on his face. She turned him over gently, and felt for his heart. He was alive! She laid him in an easy attitude, and, gathering her habit in her hand, she hurried in a direction where she heard the sound of running water. Stumbling over uneven ground, her blood running cold at the chance hoot of an owl, seeing strange terrors in the fantastic shapes innocent trees and fences assumed in the darkness, she reached the creek at last. Falling rather than climbing down its rocky sides, she thrust her cap into the stream, and, having filled it, hastened back. It was half full when she reached the road, and she dashed the water over Rossiter's face.

He moved, and in a moment sat up. He was bruised and badly shaken, but his bones were sound, and he was soon disposed to make light of the whole affair. The fellow was drunk, he supposed, and Sylvia did not undeceive him.

She went the next morning, pale and heavy-eyed, to school. Teaching had never seemed so onerous. Little Panchita Alviso looked at her with impish eyes.

"I know something I won't tell!" Sylvia heard her singing, loudly, at recess.

"What did the child know?" Sylvia thought, nervously. But at noon the news came out.

Hiram Simms, returning from his lunch, rushed at Miss Raymond in volatile excitement.

"Teacher, they're gettin' ready for a weddin' down to Arguillers'. Camiller's goin' ter be married, ter-night! Won't yer let school out at two, so as we can go down there?"

"To whom is she to be married?" Sylvia asked, with a suffocating sensation.

"Bernal Alviso," answered half a dozen voices.

"They say he went down ter Arguillers' at midnight last night," piped the eager Hiram, and called Camiller and asked her right then; and everybody knows as she was willin'!"

"He did not ask her at all," said one of the Pacheco girls. "He only said: 'I'll marry you to-morrow night, Camiller, if you'll have the priest here at nine.' Diego Arguillo heard him."

Sylvia rang the bell with outward calmness, and the children trooped into school. How she heard their lessons she scarcely knew. At two she dismissed them and put the room into careful order. She made out her reports, and left everything ready for inspection. Then she locked the little schoolhouse and started down the Pleasanton Road. It was a long walk, four miles, but she felt the need of active exertion. In an hour she reached the village. There was a telegram from her sister awaiting her at the post-office:

"John called East. We shall be married tomorrow. Come immediately. AMY RAYMOND."

It seemed providential. Here was a legitimate excuse for leaving. She went to the house of the first trustee, and gave him the school-key, telling him she was obliged to go to San Francisco the next morning. Her only sister was to be married at unexpectedly short notice. She was not coming back? No; she could not return. It was very unfortunate, but unavoidable, etc., etc.

Finally she escaped, and met one of the Morton boys, by good luck, with the buckboard just outside the door, so she did not have to walk home.

The Mortons were loud in protests against her departure. At least she would go to the wedding that evening? No, she must have the time for packing, as the train went early in the morning.

The family drove off at last, and Sylvia was left alone. She finished her packing in nervous haste, and then began to walk hastily up and down the room. She had not allowed herself, before this, any time for thought. Now an overwhelming crowd of images rushed into her brain.

Her poor, insane Bernal! That terrible Arguillo girl!

She pressed her hot face against the window-pane. It was a black night, with portentous clouds rolling in, and a shrieking wind. She looked at her watch. It was half-past eight. There was time, time!

She threw a dark scarf over her head, and ran down-stairs like a flash and out into the stable. She saddled Mrs. Morton's horse with shaking hands, and led him out into the road. A moment's hesitation, and she scrambled up and started for the Arguillers'. The wind whistled by her, and trees and bushes vanished as she passed them like the phantoms of a nightmare. On, on! till, at a minute of nine o'clock she drew up at the lighted house, and heard the sounds of music and laughter.

Muffling her scarf about her head and face, she beckoned to the only person in sight, a man who apparently had just come out. She rode into the shadow of a sycamore-tree some rods from the gate, and waited till he approached.

"Tell Bernal Alviso to come here a moment," she said, in a swift whisper. "And for Heaven's sake say nothing else!"

The man nodded and went back to the house.

It seemed years before Bernal appeared at the door, alone. He came down the path with an uncertain gait, as though he had been drinking.

Sylvia was trembling, and her hands were cold as ice.

"Bernal!" she called.

The sound of her voice sobered him. He advanced in silence to the tree under which she stood, and looked at her without speaking. She had thrown back her scarf, and he could see, even in that shadow, how white her face was.

"I came to—to stop—this, Bernal," she said, brokenly. "Were you mad, to promise yourself to that Arguillo? Was it because of—Mr. Rossiter? He is only an old friend. He is to marry my sister to-morrow."

"Your sister!" said Bernal, in a terrible voice, leaning heavily against her horse. "Sylvia, there was hope for me, after all? And now—"

"And now, you wild Spaniard," with a nervous laugh, "break off this marriage instantly. That girl is a fiend in human shape. It would be criminal. You—"

Bernal put out his hand with a despairing gesture.

"I am already married!"

"Married!" Sylvia leaned back against the tree. A sick horror overwhelmed her. "Bernal! Bernal!" she said, weakly, "I thought it was to be at nine!"

"No," he broke in, sullenly. "She had it an hour earlier."

Sylvia sat up and tried to turn her horse.

"Sylvia!" he burst out. "My saint! my good angel! don't leave me! What shall I do? Let me go with you?"

"No. You must go back. Move away, Bernal, so I can go."

"Sylvia!" He caught her hand in his burning grasp. "Tell me! You would have married me to keep me from this?"

"Curse her!" hissed Bernal, between his teeth.

The door opened, and two or three figures appeared in its lighted square. There was a cry of "Bernal! where's Bernal?"

Sylvia gave her horse a quick cut, which sent him wildly down the street. She looked back after a moment, and saw Bernal standing in the road. He was watching her flying figure, with what thoughts she dared not imagine. The blackness of night soon hid him from her straining gaze. She drew rein and went slowly on through the windy darkness.

#### CUSTER'S BATTLE-FIELD AND MONUMENT.

**I**T was on the 25th of June, 1876, that General Custer and the five companies under his command were annihilated by the hostile Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, whom they had gone to attack on the banks of the Big Horn River, in Montana. Two hundred and sixty-one officers and men were killed in that desperate fight, leaving not a single white participant to tell the tale. A monument now crowns the ridge where Custer fell, but the scene is as desolate and wild as ever. The bleached bones and skulls of horses killed in the battle of ten years ago are still strewn about the grassy field. Several views of the locality, from recent photographs, are given in our engravings.

Last June, the tenth anniversary of the massacre was observed on the spot by a few of its survivors—soldiers of Major Reno's command, and several Sioux Indians. The Sioux chief, Gall, a fine-looking Indian, forty-six years old, going over the battle-field with the white men, told with much dignity and emotion how Custer's command was destroyed.

"Early in the morning," he said, "we saw the soldiers crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came down into the valley. The cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming, and orders were given for the village to move. Reno swept down so rapidly upon the upper end that the Indians were forced to fight. Sitting Bull and I were at the point where Reno attacked. Sitting Bull was the big medicine man. The women and children were hastily moved down the stream where the Cheyennes were encamped. The Sioux attacked Reno and the Cheyennes, Custer, and then all became mixed. The women and children caught horses for the bucks to mount, and the bucks mounted and charged back on Reno, checked him and drove him into the timber. The soldiers tied their horses to trees, came out and fought on foot. As soon as Reno was beaten and driven back across the river, the whole force turned on Custer and fought him until they destroyed him. Custer did not reach the river, but was met half a mile up the ravine now called Reno Creek. The Indians ran out of ammunition and then used arrows. They fired from behind their horses. The soldiers got their shells stuck in the guns and had to throw them away. Then they fought with their little guns (pistols). The Indians were in couples behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge, and were as many as the grass on the plains. The first two companies (Keogh's and Calhoun's) dismounted and fought on foot. They never broke, but retired step by step until forced back to the ridge upon which all finally died. They were shot down in line where they stood. Keogh's company rallied, and were all killed in a bunch. (This statement is borne out by facts, as thirty-eight bodies of Keogh's troopers were found piled in a heap.) The warriors directed a special fire against the troopers who held the horses, and as soon as a holder was killed, by waving blankets and great shouting the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for the soldiers to escape. The soldiers fought desperately and hard, and never surrendered. They fought standing along in line on the right. As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven towards the squaws and old men, who gathered them up. When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmish line, Custer and all who were with him were dead."

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, recently held at Scranton, Pa., Grand Chief Engineer Arthur stated that the Brotherhood has 321 subdivisions, with a membership of 20,000, and that in the past seventeen years it has paid nearly \$2,000,000 to widows and orphans, and another \$500,000 to the needy and destitute. At present, he said, the Brotherhood was on the best of terms with the railroad companies of the country, and its principal aim was to settle amicably all such disputes as might arise. Labor and capital should reason together in disposing of their differences. No organization could expect to succeed that resorted to the pistol, the torch and the bludgeon. The employers as well as the employed should observe the golden rule.

A very interesting and suggestive event occurred near Paxton, Ill., the other day, which wasn't telegraphed or spread abroad, perhaps because it wasn't a murder, fire, rape or defalcation. A competitive examination was announced to select three young colored men who would, under a local charity, have all the expenses, except clothes, of a college course paid for them. Seventy-nine entered the contest. This alone is interesting. But to appreciate the whole situation, one must understand that the fund from which this education is given was left by will by a colored man, who was himself once a slave, and who desired to help elevate the race to which he belonged. As the Hartford *Courier* remarks, "such an incident with its suggestions, furnishes a striking picture of the progress of the times."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

**T**HE Philadelphia Record claims for that city a population of 973,641.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM R. MORRISON has been nominated for re-election from the Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District.

**B**EACH, the Australian orsman, in reply to Hanlan's challenge to row in England for the championship of the world, says that if Hanlan wants a match he will have to go to Australia.

**T**HE Prohibitionists of Texas have nominated E. L. Dohony for Governor, with candidates for all other State offices. In Massachusetts the Prohibition candidate for Governor is T. J. Lothrop.

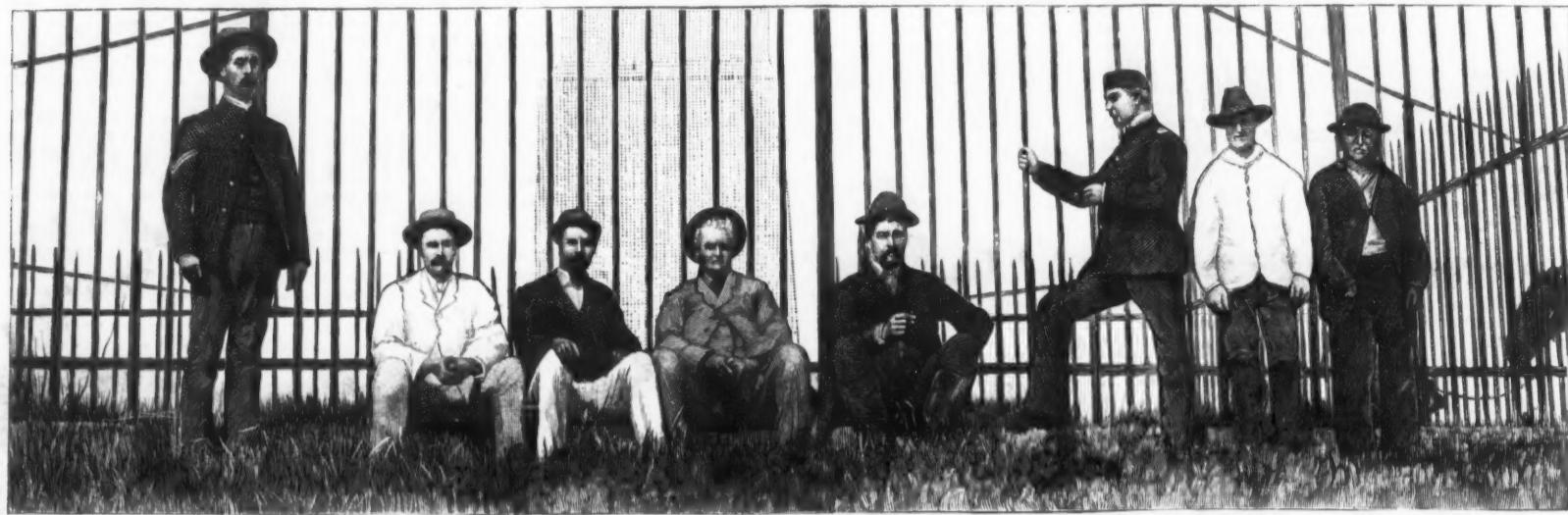
**R**HINE wines will be scarce this year. The grape harvest promises badly in the chief well-known Rhine districts, where it is feared that the yield will scarcely equal a third of the ordinary crop. However, the quality will be first-rate.

**C**ARD-PLAYING in Paris has become such an absolute passion among all classes that during the last year the duty on cards in France, first imposed by Henry III., amounted to two and a half million francs—\$500,000—an excess of \$5,000 over the previous year.

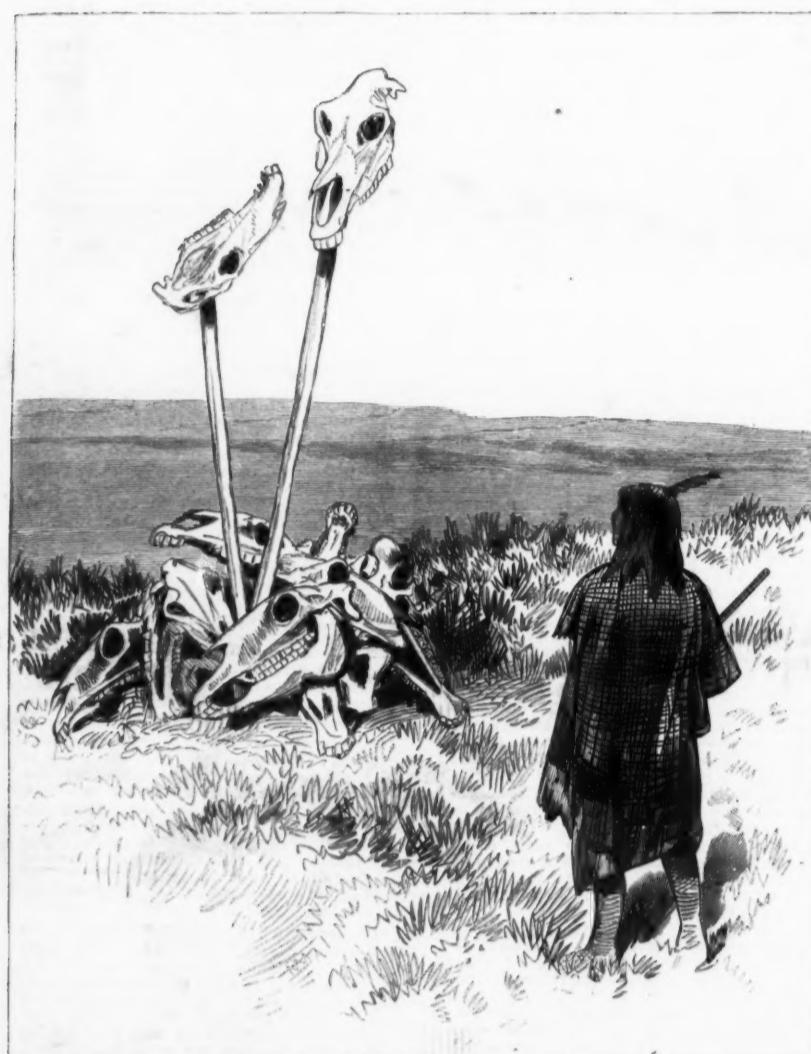
**A**GHASTLY discovery was recently made in the ruins of an old convent at Panama. The skeleton of a man was found immured upright in the solid wall, close to the altar, fastened to a wooden cross bearing a defaced inscription. The skeleton fell to pieces on being exposed to the air.

**T**HE educational work of the Chicago University, a Baptist institution, has been abandoned, owing to the inability of the managers to meet an indebtedness of \$300,000. It is probable that the property will be purchased by the Roman Catholics, and converted into a seminary.

**T**HE Garfield Chamber



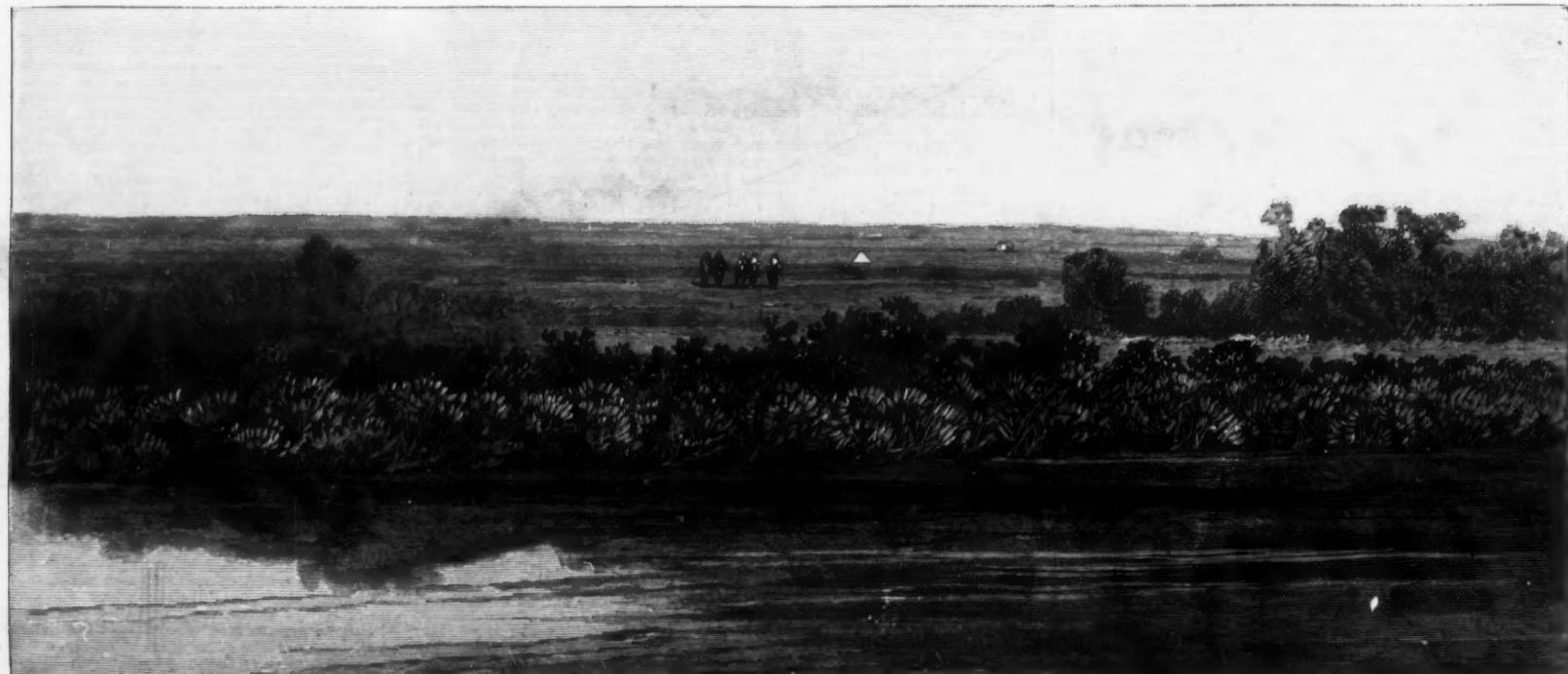
SURVIVORS OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE.



RENO'S HILL.



THE CUSTER MONUMENT.



THE LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER, WEST SIDE RENO CROSSING.

MONTANA.—THE CUSTER BATTLE-FIELD REVISITED—POINTS OF INTEREST ON THE HISTORIC GROUND.  
FROM PHOTOS. BY D. F. BABBY, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.—SEE PAGE 75.



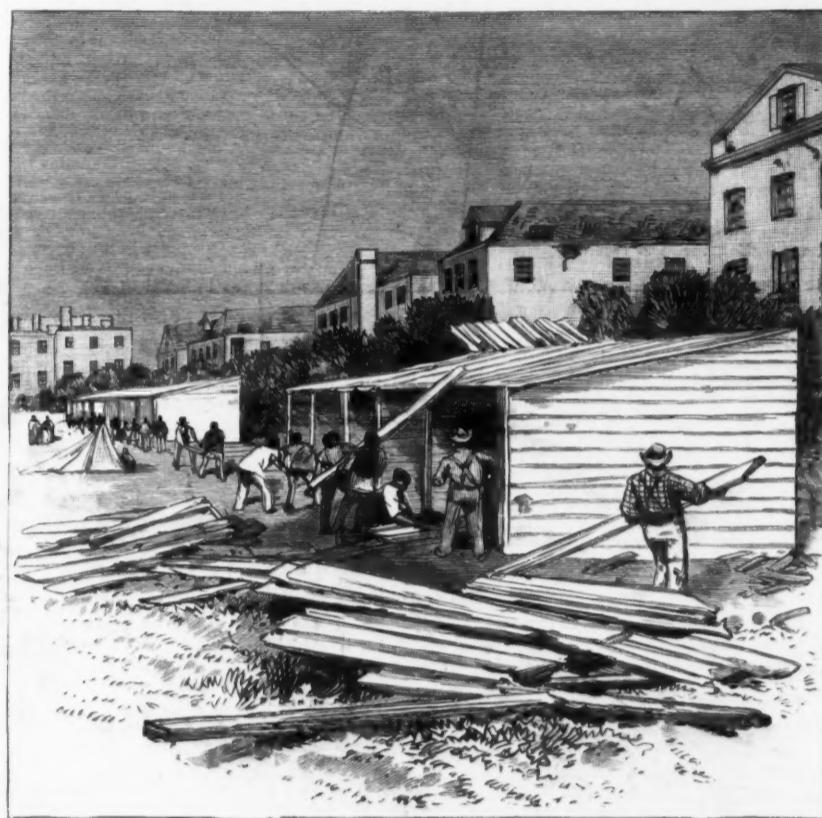
THE SCHENCK PRIZE CUP, TO BE COMPETED FOR  
BY VOLUNTEER POLO TEAMS.



THE HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM OF ENGLAND, RECENTLY ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.  
PHOTO. BY ALMAN.—SEE PAGE 78.

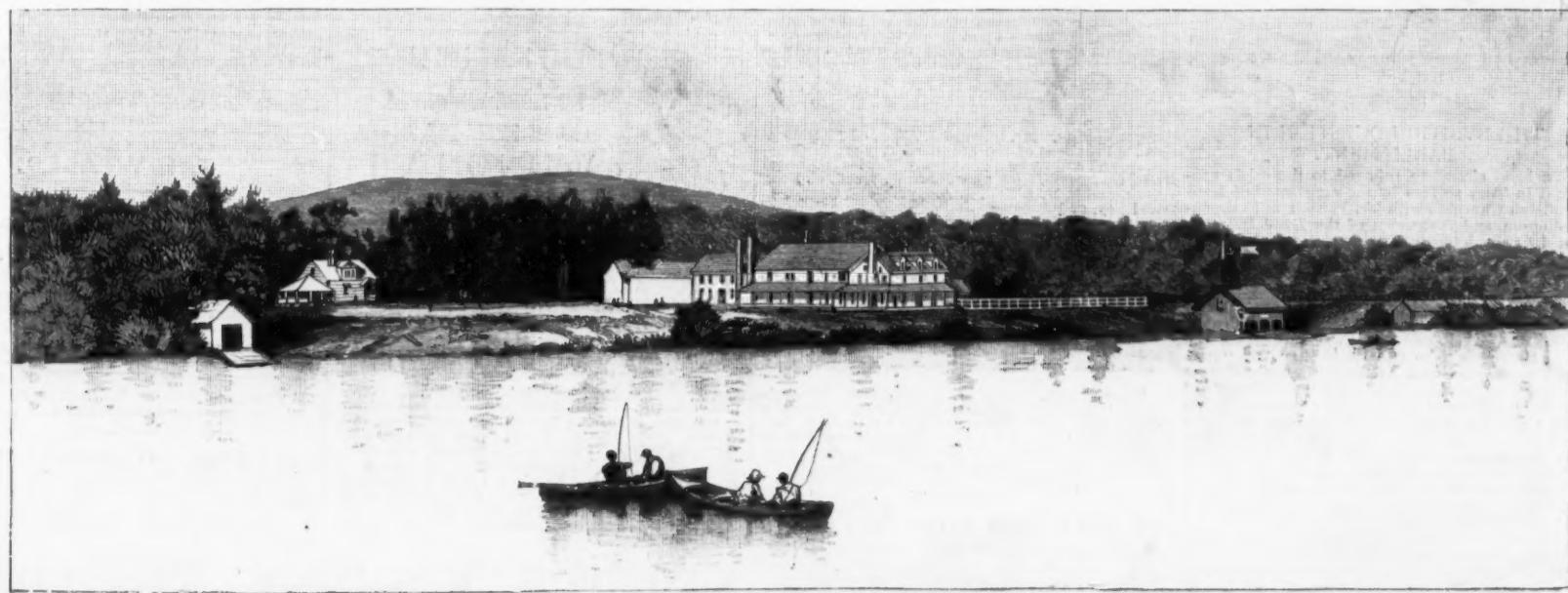


RUINS OF THE FIRE ON KING STREET.



TEMPORARY DWELLINGS ON MARION SQUARE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES IN CHARLESTON—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 71.



NEW YORK.—VIEW OF PROSPECT HOUSE, UPPER SARANAC LAKE, WITH THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE ON THE LEFT.  
PHOTO. BY STODDARD.—SEE PAGE 78.

## AT THE SARANAC INN.

THE famous Saranac Inn (formerly the Prospect House), President Cleveland's favorite resting-place in the Adirondacks, is shown in the picture on page 77. It fronts on the wooded Upper Saranac Lake, where deer are sometimes shot within sight of the veranda. The President's closing vacation-days were spent here last week in resting and driving, with only a little fishing, and that not very successful. Trout no longer rise to the fly, and trolling yields unsatisfactory results while the water is warm.

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom have busied themselves in affixing their autographs to the birch-bark albums of the ladies whose acquaintance they have made at Saranac Inn. The covers and the leaves of these albums are shaped like the leaf of the maple or birch, or some other forest tree, and are bound together at the stems with a piece of ribbon. They make a souvenir much sought after.

## THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM.

WE give this week portraits of our recent visitors, the Hurlingham Polo Club, of England, whose first meeting with the Westchester Club, of New York city, attracted all fashionable Newport to Morton Park on the 25th ult. The make-up of the teams was as follows: *English Team*—Mr. John Watson, captain; Captain the Honorable R. Lawley, Captain T. Hone, of the English Army, and Mr. Malcolm Little. *American Team*—Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.; Captain W. K. Thorn, Jr.; Mr. Raymond Belmont, and Mr. Foxhall Keene. Fourteen games were played in all, of which the Englishmen won ten. The Americans individually did some brilliant playing, but the Englishmen were more perfect as a team, playing together like a machine. The play was in intervals of twenty minutes each, with two minutes' rest after each goal and ten minutes' rest at the expiration of each interval. On the 28th ult. the English team scored their second victory, taking 14 goals to 2 by the Americans, thus winning the international match, which was for the best 2 out of 3.

The Schenck Cup, of which we also give an illustration, is the gift of Mr. J. Frederick Schenck of this city, and will be competed for at Cedarhurst late in September by volunteer fours from the Westchester and other leading polo clubs of this vicinity. The cup, which is of entirely original and appropriate design, was made by Tiffany & Co. It is twenty inches in height, and stands upon a polished ebony pedestal four inches high.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY TRENHOLM has fined five national banks for not complying with the law in rendering their reports.

SPECIAL ENVOY SEDOWICK visited Paso del Norte, Mexico, last week, for the purpose of investigating the local records in the Cutting case.

THE business failures in the United States during the past week numbered 149, a considerable decline as contrasted with the same week last year.

GERONIMO, Natchez, and the other Apaches who surrendered with them, are in prison at San Antonio, Tex. It is thought that Geronimo will be tried by a military commission.

THE American Opera Company is to be reorganized under the name of the "National Opera Company," with its headquarters in New York or Boston for the first year, and thereafter in each auxiliary city annually in rotation. The parent company will not give opera on its own account, but will perform only in cities having local American opera companies, and at their risk.

## FOREIGN.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, who has reached his father's home at Darmstadt, has been invited to visit Balmoral, England.

THE Queen of Spain is suffering from pulmonary disease similar to that which caused the death of King Alfonso.

THE state of affairs in Madagascar is not regarded as satisfactory so far as French interests are concerned. The Government is sending reinforcements to Tamatave.

A PARIS paper published a telegram from the Bishop of Tonquin saying that 700 Christians have been massacred, and forty villages burned in the Province of Manhoa, and that 9,000 Christians are perishing of hunger. The report is not fully credited.

A LETTER from Seoul, Corea, dated August 2d, says that the deaths from Asiatic cholera from July 15th to July 25th numbered 3,140. Since then from 267 to 497 persons have died daily. Coffins could not be obtained, and bodies were wrapped in sacking. In many places dogs and vultures had scratched away the light covering of earth and devoured the bodies.

## THE EVICTION QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have elsewhere referred to the crisis produced in Tory politics by the agreement of Lord Randolph Churchill with Mr. Parnell as to the introduction and discussion of the Land Bill proposed by the latter. The confusion and distress of the party are extreme. While one section of the party, including Churchill and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, desire to see the Bill passed, as a means of averting a Winter of conflict and trouble, another section, who are backed by the Liberal-Unionists and the Chamberlainites, are violently opposed to it, and threaten to "turn out" the Government unless it shall abandon all attempts to pass it. In this state of affairs, Lord Randolph Churchill will probably be compelled to vote against a measure which he really desires to pass, and, as the Government and Liberal-Unionists command a majority of the House, the Bill, while it will receive a large Liberal vote, will, in all probability, be rejected. But whatever may be its fate, its introduction marks a distinct gain for the Home Rule cause. It puts squarely upon the Tories the responsibility for the condition of affairs in Ireland during the Fall and Winter. If their Government refuses to stop evictions, as Mr. Parnell's Bill proposes, then, at least, he and his party will not be responsible for the consequences which may ensue. It will be singular indeed if the Tories do not have early occasion to

regret the stupidity which impels them to provoke, by the denial of humane laws, the very disorders which they profess a desire to suppress.

As illustrating the enormous expense and labor which would result from a system of wholesale evictions, it is stated that a force of 600 men was engaged for a whole week at Woodford in evicting four tenants. In each case the cost was out of all proportion to the rents due.

## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR CONVENTION.

THE Annual Convention of the Knights of Labor, which meets this year in Richmond, Va., will be the largest ever held, and probably the largest that ever will be held, as in future delegates will be chosen upon a different basis of representation. As provided for under the present regulations each District Assembly is entitled to one representative for each 1,000, or majority fraction of 1,000, of its membership. The rapid growth of the Order, which is fast approaching a membership of 1,000,000, increases the number of delegates to such an extent as to render an annual convention a cumbersome and unwieldy body, and to obviate this difficulty the number of delegates will be reduced by increasing the constituency of each representative to 2,000, or perhaps more. The Convention will open on Monday, October 4th, and probably continue for at least fifteen days. Delegates will be in attendance from all parts of the United States and Canada. Mexico, Central America, and even South America, will send their quota. European assemblies will also send representatives, and the Convention will show a gathering of different races, colors and nationalities such as has never before been seen in the quiet City of Richmond. During the last year the Knights of Labor have made an invasion of the South, and the organization of white and colored laborers has progressed with remarkable rapidity.

## THREE NEW DANCES.

SOME thirty members of the American Society of Professors of Dancing met in New York last week to decide what dances shall be taught as the fashionable dances in this country for the ensuing season. Many dances were proposed which had been invented by the members this Summer, and the inventor of each dance was compelled to illustrate the invention on foot. While this ordeal was going on, the other professors sat around and criticised the performance, and indulged in remarks. Three new dances were adopted. Two are "round" dances. They will be called the "American Gavotte" and the "Columbia." The "American Gavotte" will be danced to gavotte or 4-4 time. It is very easy to learn, the professor says. It is smoother than the ordinary dances, and starts with a movement sideways, then a turn and a hop and a polka, and a slide afterwards. It is slower than a waltz. The "Columbia" is also a round dance, and is slower than a waltz, but more vivacious than the "American Gavotte," and comprehends several varieties of hops. The third invention this year is the "Octagon," a square dance. Eight couples dance in it at once, and all the couples are in motion at the same time, except in one movement. It may be danced to any lancers music. There is no waltzing in the "Octagon." The music is in 6-8 time. The dance is similar to the lancers in movement and figures, but differs from it in couples passing under each other's raised arms. It isn't exactly new, but the society has placed its seal of approval upon it, and now it will be pushed in all the States and Territories.

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN PRINTING.

THE Standard Typograph Company of this city, after several years of experiment, has produced a machine which they believe presages early and satisfactory solution of the problem which is almost as old as the art of printing. Since the invention of movable types no important advance has been made in the matter of setting the type or composition, and the printers of to-day are practically repeating the work and the methods of the past four centuries. The process of the Standard Typograph Company proceeds upon an entirely novel principle, and discards type altogether. Probably the best idea of the inventor would be obtained by supposing a type-writer, whose type instead of printing letters on paper cut deep impressions in plates of soft lead at each stroke of the key. The impressions fall into regular lines and columns, and thus become a mold or matrix, from which an electrotype or stereotype may be cast in the usual manner for the press. The work of the Typograph, though not perfect in all details, shows such marked and rapid improvement, that the claim of the Company that practical success is at hand seems well founded. Of course only composition in which the ordinary characters appear—books, magazines, pamphlets of uniform typography, with some portions of newspapers—is adapted for the Typograph, and in these departments its friends expect to be able shortly to demonstrate a great saving of time, labor and expense. The machine, though of a large number of parts, is simple and very ingenious in design. Its patents are so broad and so comprehensive, that no infringement is in the least degree probable. The lines upon which the Typograph is projected are wholly new, and it certainly will encounter none of the difficulties of many other inventions which have sought to solve the same problem and to reduce the chief item in the cost of printing. The management of the Typograph Company is competent and energetic, and commands ample capital. Mr. Edward J. Allen, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is President of the Standard Typograph Company, and among its directors are Charles H. Roosevelt, George W. Holt and John W. Weed, of New York, and E. M. O'Neil, E. A. Myers and George L. Whitney, of Pittsburgh.

## FUN.

WHO hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long with hay fever.—*Danselle Breeze*.

A YOUNG lady in town says the new letter-sheet envelope will not find much favor with her sex. It is large enough, she says, for the letter, but there is no room for the postscript.—*Norristown Herald*.

THAT abrupt, explosive, discourteous monosyllable "Thanks," got a Roland for its Oliver the other day. Madam dropped her cardcase in Tremont Street, and a brisk little newsboy picked it up for her. "Thanks!" said she. "Welks," said he, and bolted.—*Boston Beacon*.

I DON'T WANT RELIEF, BUT CURE," IS the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Inclose a stamp to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

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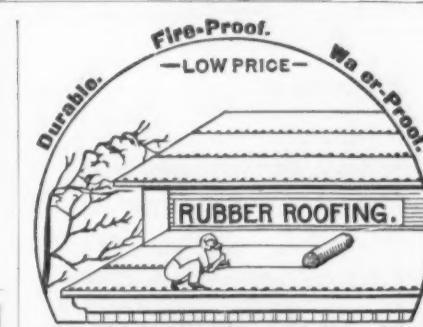
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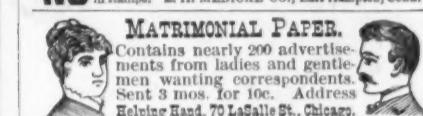
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